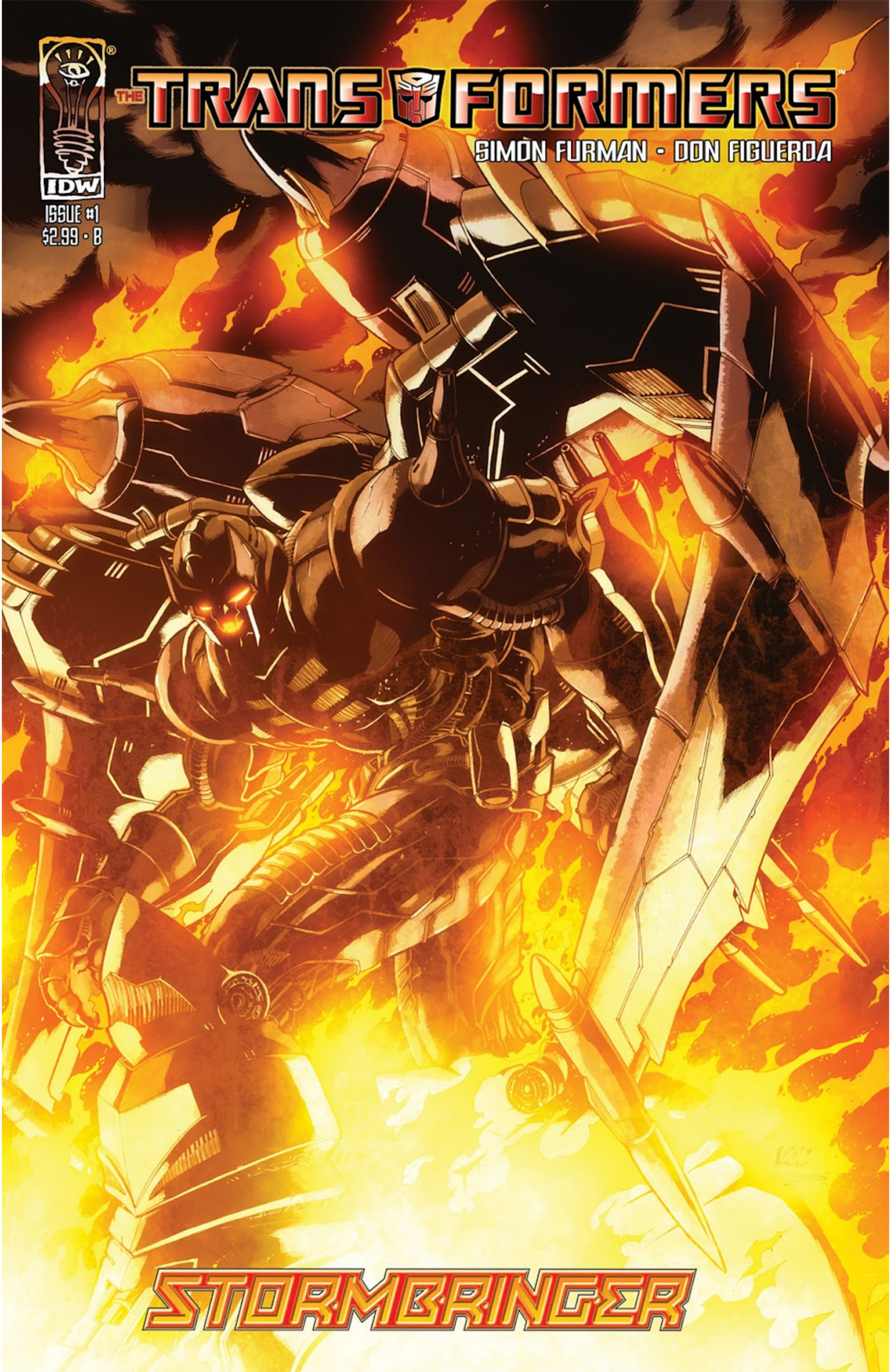

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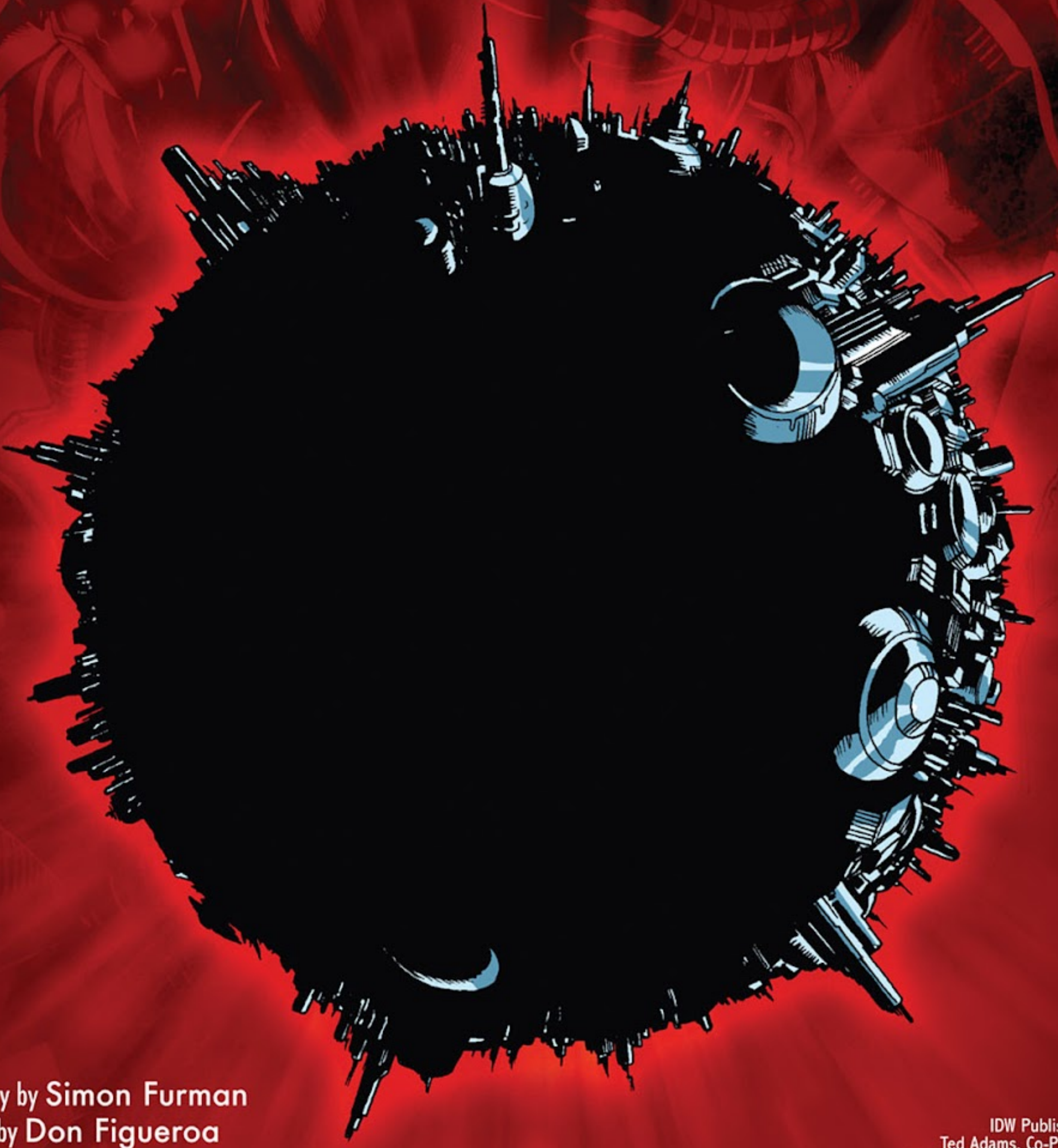

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The Transformers: Stormbringer #1

For countless years, civil war has gripped CYBERTRON—an escalating series of conflicts between the heroic AUTOBOTS and the evil DECEPTICONS that have shaken the planet to its core. So focused on each frontier or beachhead, neither faction spared a thought for the planet itself, and the untold damage they were doing to it and their future. Until now...



Story by Simon Furman
Art by Don Figueroa
colors by Josh Burcham
letters by Robbie Robbins
edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor
cover b colors by Rob Ruffolo

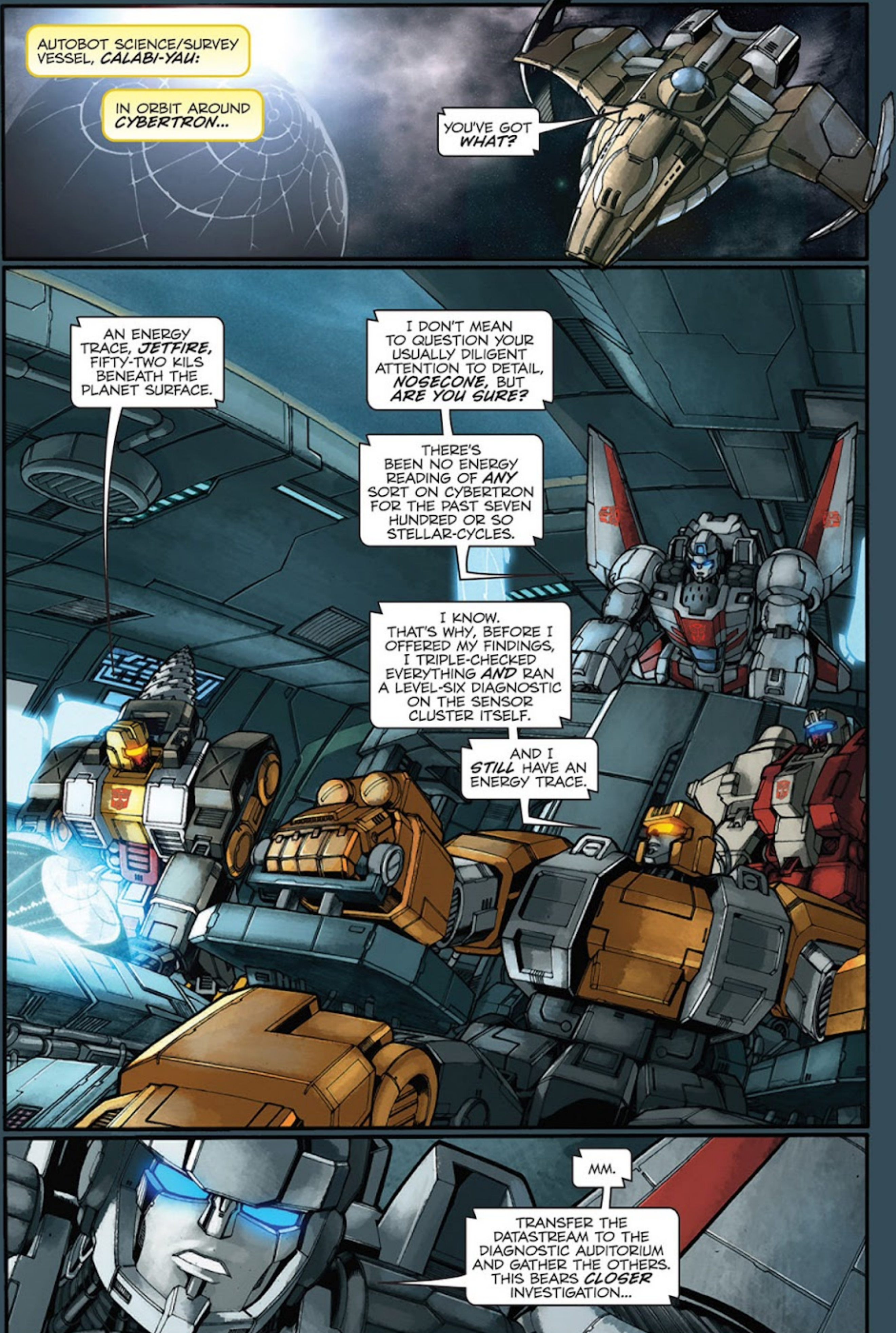
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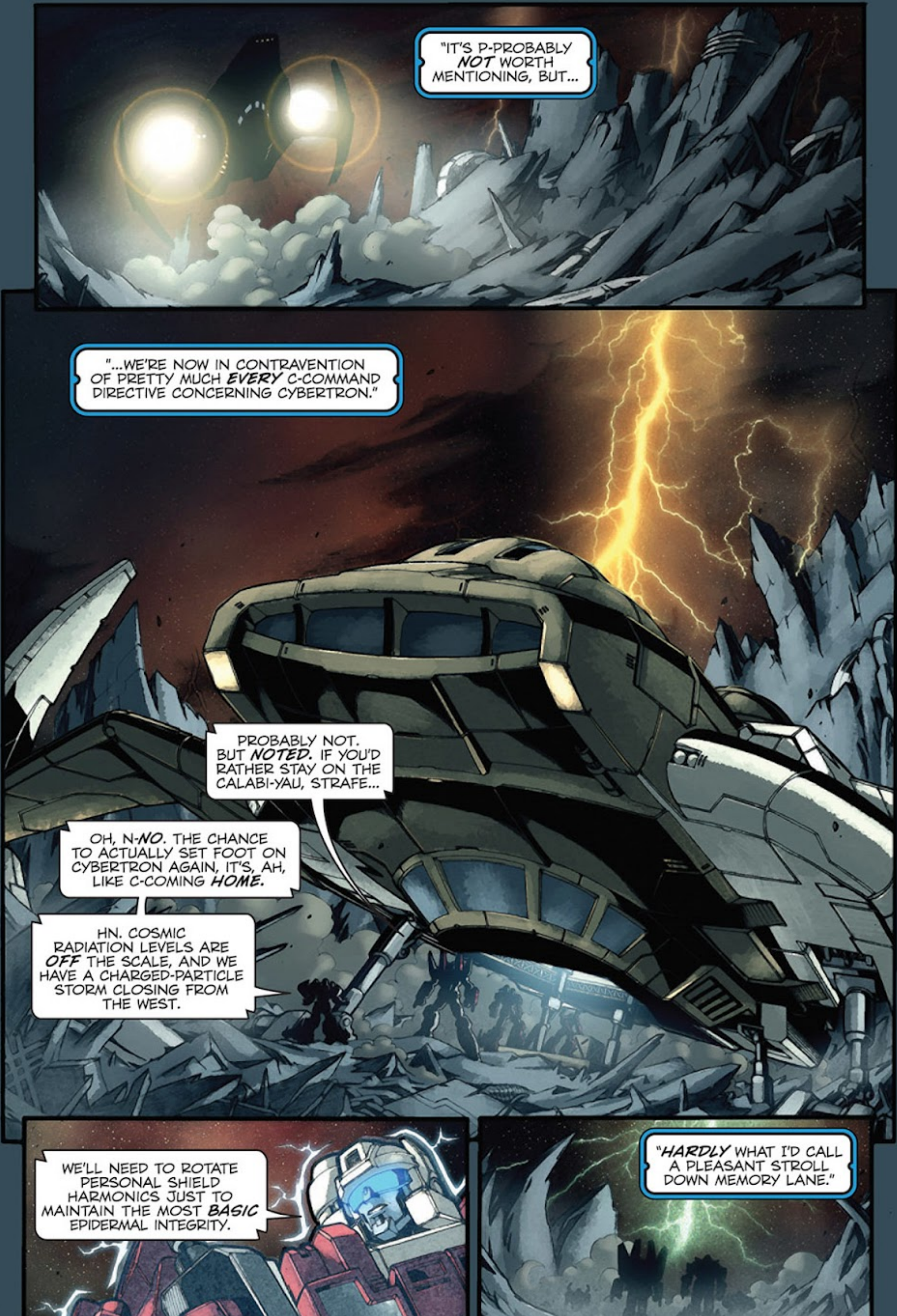
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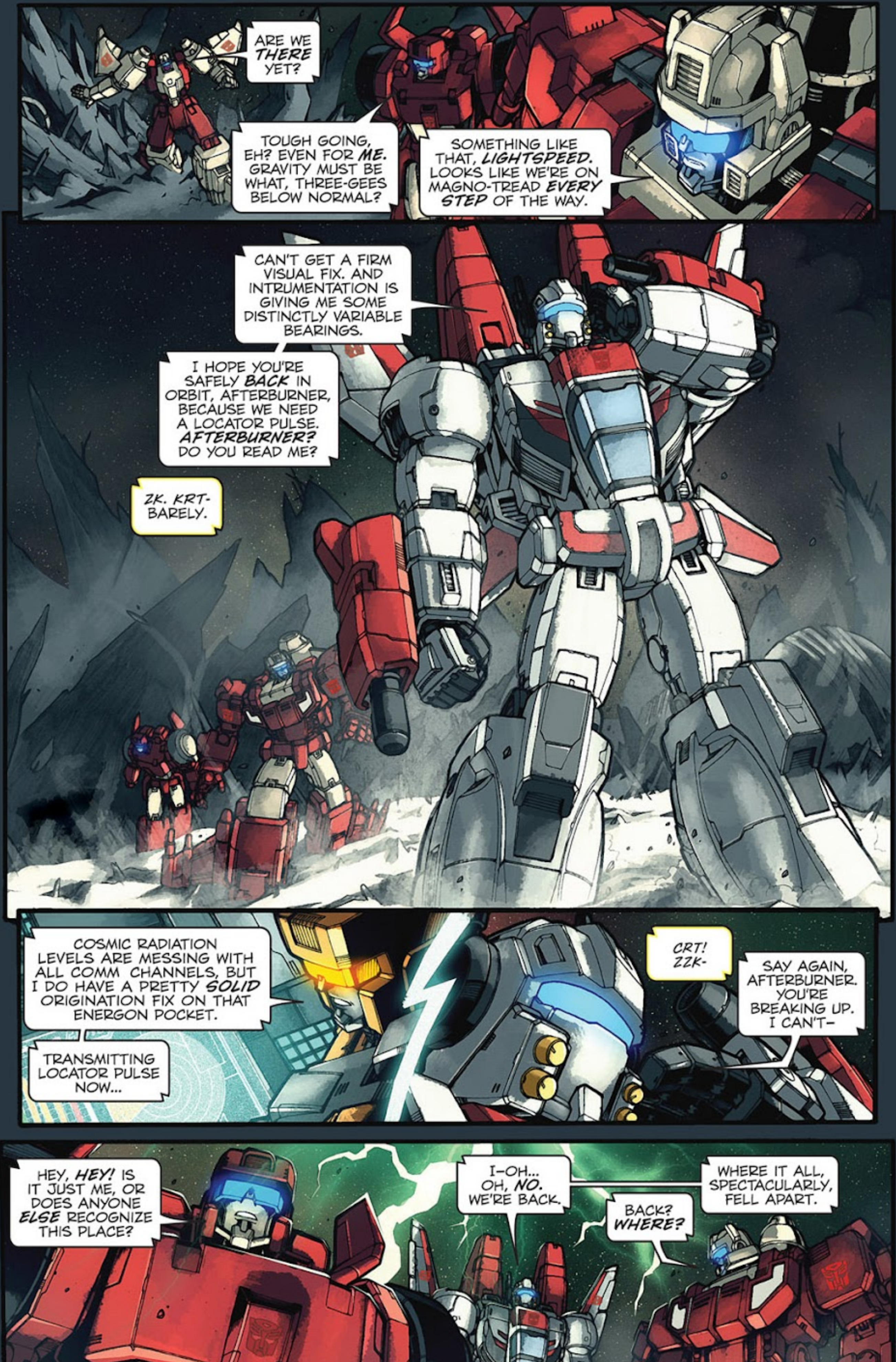

EVEN NOW, THE MEMORY IS *SEARED* ONTO MY SUBCONSCIOUS...
IT *EMERGES,* SWATHED IN FLAME AND DRIPPING WHITE PHOSPHORUS, IN THOSE RARE, REFLECTIVE MOMENTS, WHEN MY MENTAL DEFENSES ARE DOWN...
TIME AND AGAIN I AM DRAGGED *BACK* TO THE VERY HEART OF THE RAGING, HOWLING *STORM* THAT WE BROUGHT DOWN ON OURSELVES, AND THOUGH THE FRONT HAS LONG PASSED...
...ITS CALAMITOUS *ECHOES* LINGER STILL.

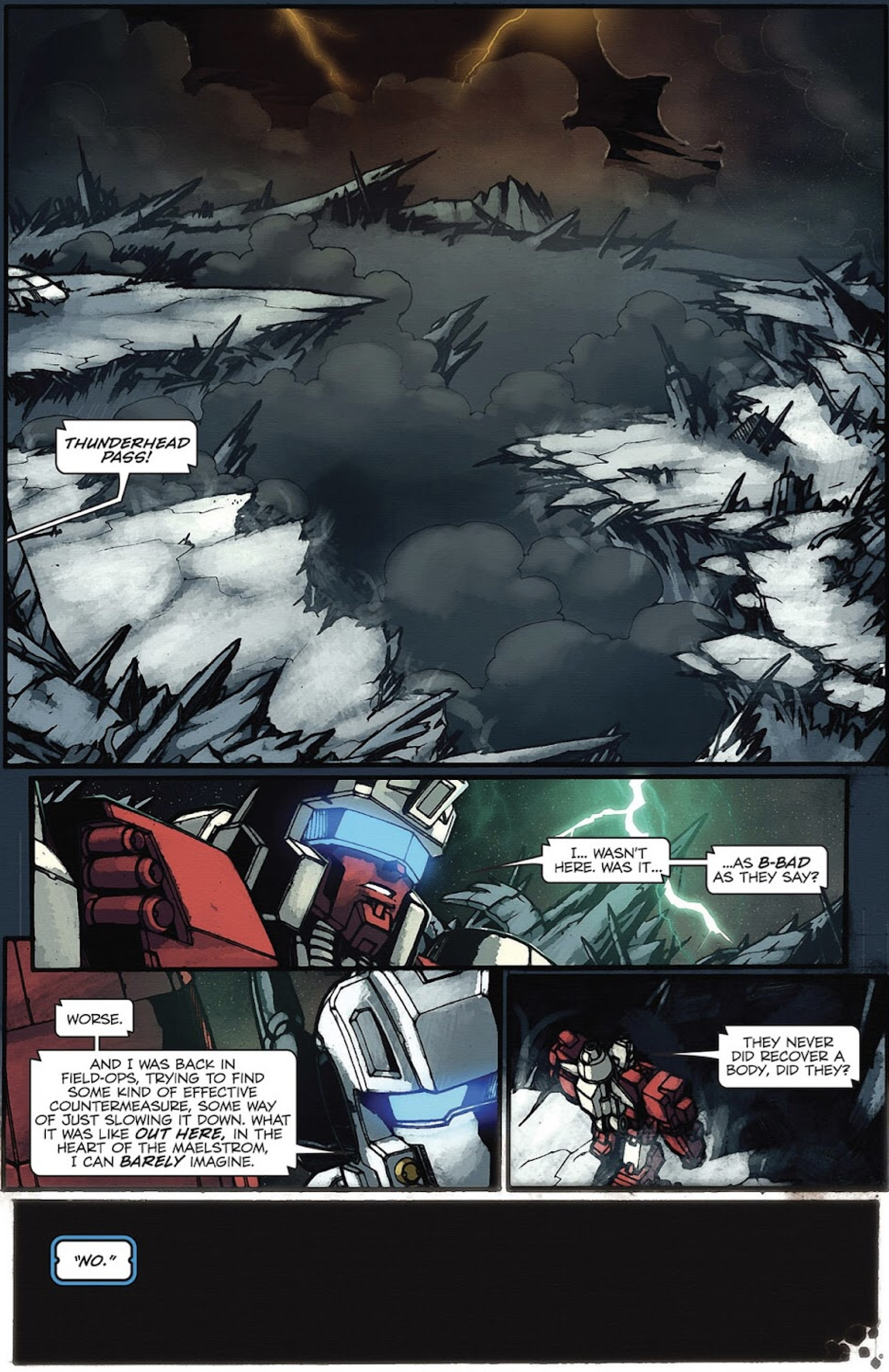

AUTOBOT SCIENCE/SURVEY VESSEL, CALABI-YAU:
IN ORBIT AROUND CYBERTRON...
YOU'VE GOT WHAT?
AN ENERGY TRACE, JETFIRE, FIFTY-TWO KILS BENEATH THE PLANET SURFACE.
I DON'T MEAN TO QUESTION YOUR USUALLY DILIGENT ATTENTION TO DETAIL, NOSECONE, BUT ARE YOU SURE?
THERE'S BEEN NO ENERGY READING OF ANY SORT ON CYBERTRON FOR THE PAST SEVEN HUNDRED OR SO STELLAR-CYCLES.
I KNOW. THAT'S WHY, BEFORE I OFFERED MY FINDINGS, I TRIPLE-CHECKED EVERYTHING AND RAN A LEVEL-SIX DIAGNOSTIC ON THE SENSOR CLUSTER ITSELF.
AND I STILL HAVE AN ENERGY TRACE.
MM.
TRANSFER THE DATASTREAM TO THE DIAGNOSTIC AUDITORIUM AND GATHER THE OTHERS. THIS BEARS CLOSER INVESTIGATION...

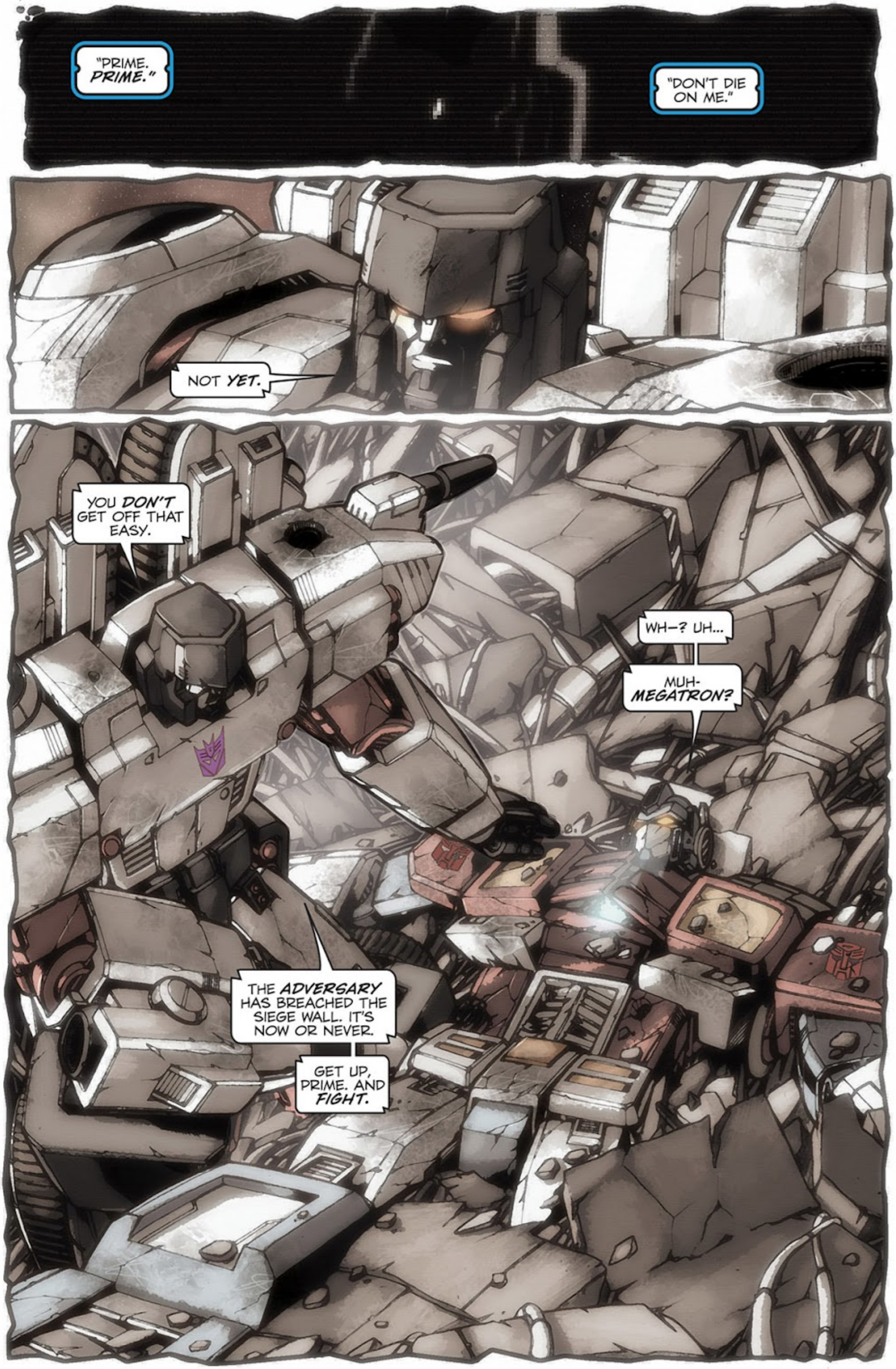


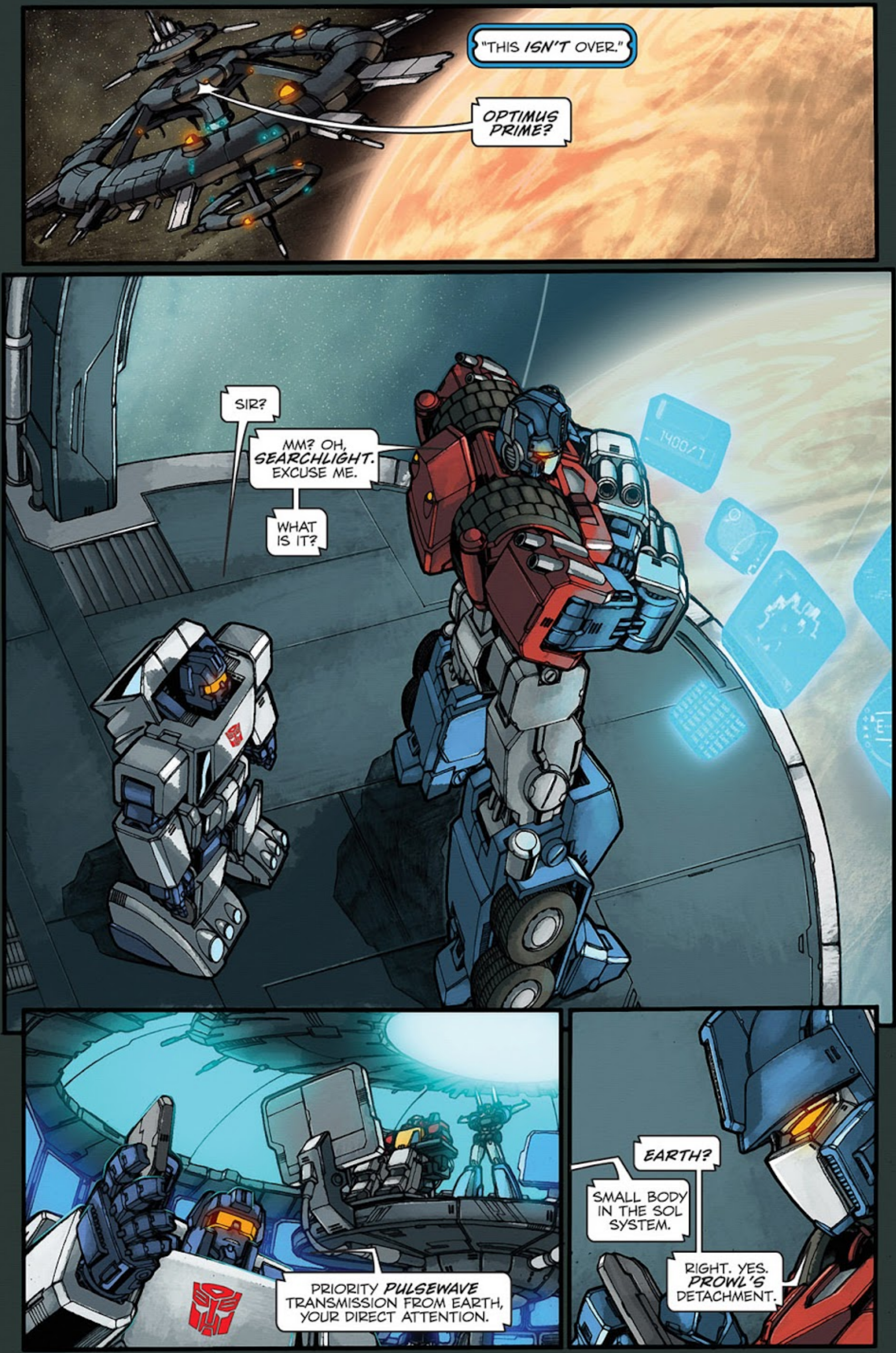
AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE A LARGE NUMBER OF RECOGNIZABLE ELEMENTS AND A FEW ROGUE CONSTITUENTS, CURRENTLY UNCLASSIFIED.
LOOKS FAMILIAR.
IT SHOULD, AFTERBURNER. IT'S ENERGON, ONLY MORE SO. I CAN ONLY CONJECTURE A POCKET REMAINED UNDETECTED AND, OVER TIME, BECAME CONTAMINATED WITH ELEMENTAL MATERIAL FROM SOME FAR-FLUNG CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE.
HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?
WITH THE DEGRADATION OF CYBERTRON'S ATMOSPHERE, THE INCIDENCE OF DIRECT IMPACTS FROM COMETS AND OTHER SPACE DEBRIS HAS INTENSIFIED.
IT'S POSSIBLE THIS HYBRID IS THE REACTION.
AND IF SO, IT SUPPORTS MY THEORY THAT CYBERTRON IS GRADUALLY--ALBEIT ON A COSMIC TIMESCALE--HEALING ITSELF, UNDOING WHAT WAS DONE.
S-SO... WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?
I THINK, STRAFE...
...WE SHOULD GO TAKE A LOOK!

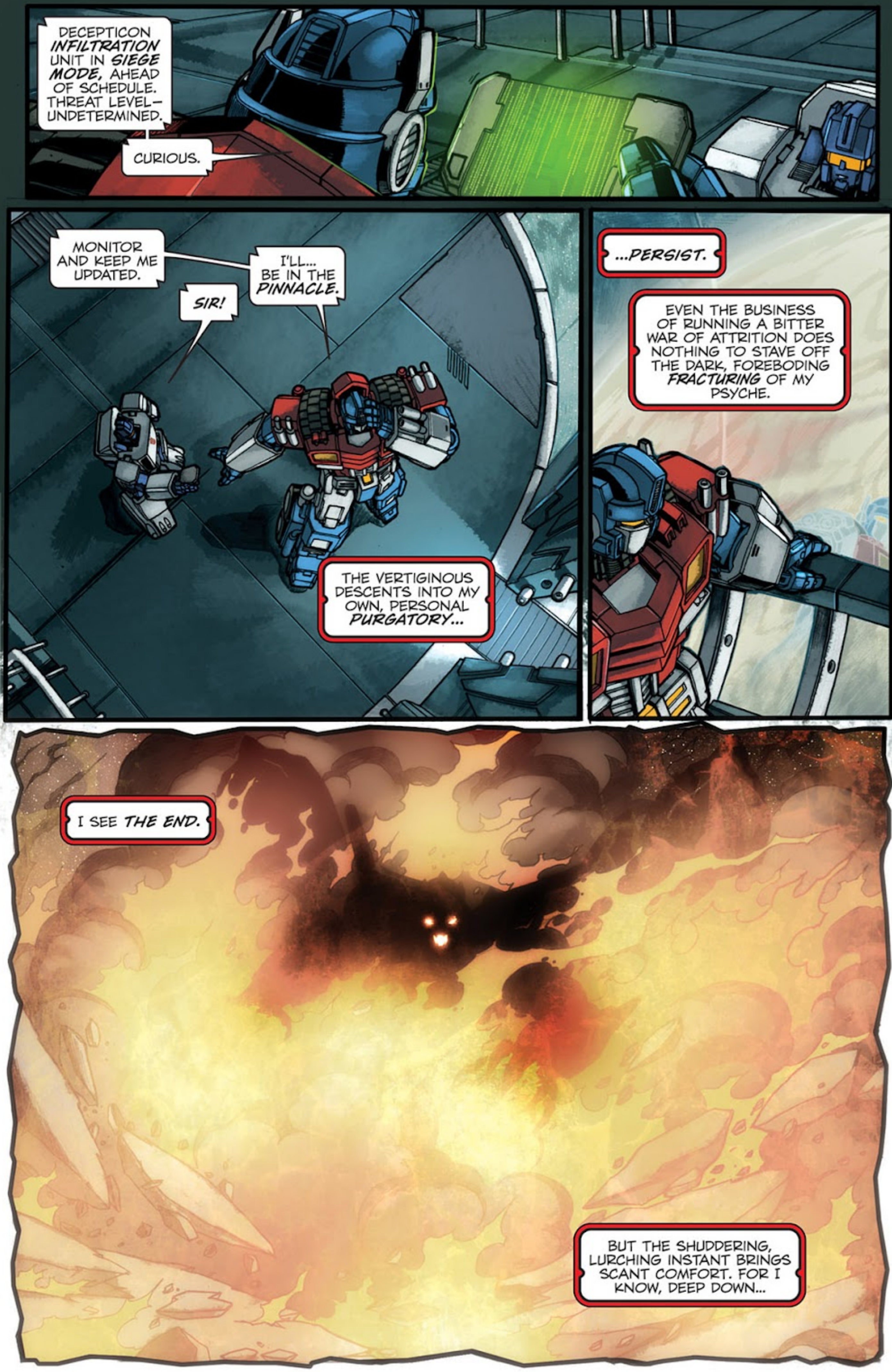

"IT'S P-PROBABLY NOT WORTH MENTIONING, BUT...
"...WE'RE NOW IN CONTRAVENTION OF PRETTY MUCH EVERY C-COMMAND DIRECTIVE CONCERNING CYBERTRON."
PROBABLY NOT. BUT NOTED. IF YOU'D RATHER STAY ON THE CALABI-YAU, STRAFE...
OH, N-NO. THE CHANCE TO ACTUALLY SET FOOT ON CYBERTRON AGAIN, IT'S, AH, LIKE C-COMING HOME.
HN. COSMIC RADIATION LEVELS ARE OFF THE SCALE, AND WE HAVE A CHARGED-PARTICLE STORM CLOSING FROM THE WEST.
WE'LL NEED TO ROTATE PERSONAL SHIELD HARMONICS JUST TO MAINTAIN THE MOST BASIC EPIDERMAL INTEGRITY.
"HARDLY WHAT I'D CALL A PLEASANT STROLL DOWN MEMORY LANE."

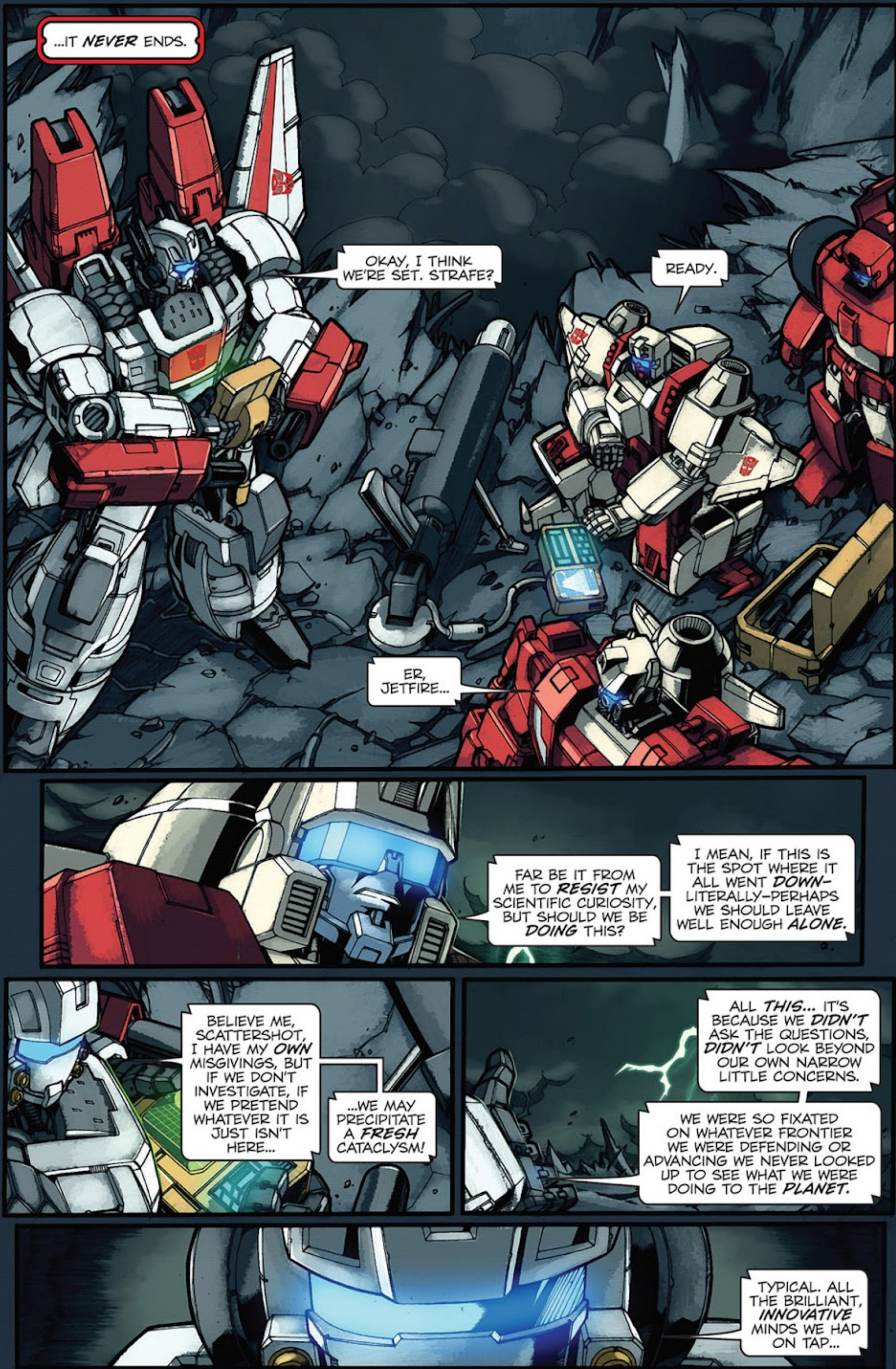

ARE WE THERE YET?
TOUGH GOING, EH? EVEN FOR ME. GRAVITY MUST BE WHAT, THREE-GEES BELOW NORMAL?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT, LIGHTSPEED. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON MAGNO-TREAD EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.
CAN'T GET A FIRM VISUAL FIX. AND INTRUMENTATION IS GIVING ME SOME DISTINCTLY VARIABLE BEARINGS.
I HOPE YOU'RE SAFELY BACK IN ORBIT, AFTERBURNER, BECAUSE WE NEED A LOCATOR PULSE. AFTERBURNER? DO YOU READ ME?
ZK. KRT- BARELY.
COSMIC RADIATION LEVELS ARE MESSING WITH ALL COMM CHANNELS, BUT I DO HAVE A PRETTY SOLID ORIGINATION FIX ON THAT ENERGON POCKET.
TRANSMITTING LOCATOR PULSE NOW...
CRT! ZZK-
SAY AGAIN, AFTERBURNER. YOU'RE BREAKING UP. I CAN'T–
HEY, HEY! IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES ANYONE ELSE RECOGNIZE THIS PLACE?
I–OH... OH, NO. WE'RE BACK.
BACK? WHERE?
WHERE IT ALL, SPECTACULARLY, FELL APART.


THUNDERHEAD PASS!
I... WASN'T HERE. WAS IT...
...AS B-BAD AS THEY SAY?
WORSE.
AND I WAS BACK IN FIELD-OPS, TRYING TO FIND SOME KIND OF EFFECTIVE COUNTERMEASURE, SOME WAY OF JUST SLOWING IT DOWN. WHAT IT WAS LIKE OUT HERE, IN THE HEART OF THE MAELSTROM, I CAN BARELY IMAGINE.
THEY NEVER DID RECOVER A BODY, DID THEY?
"NO."

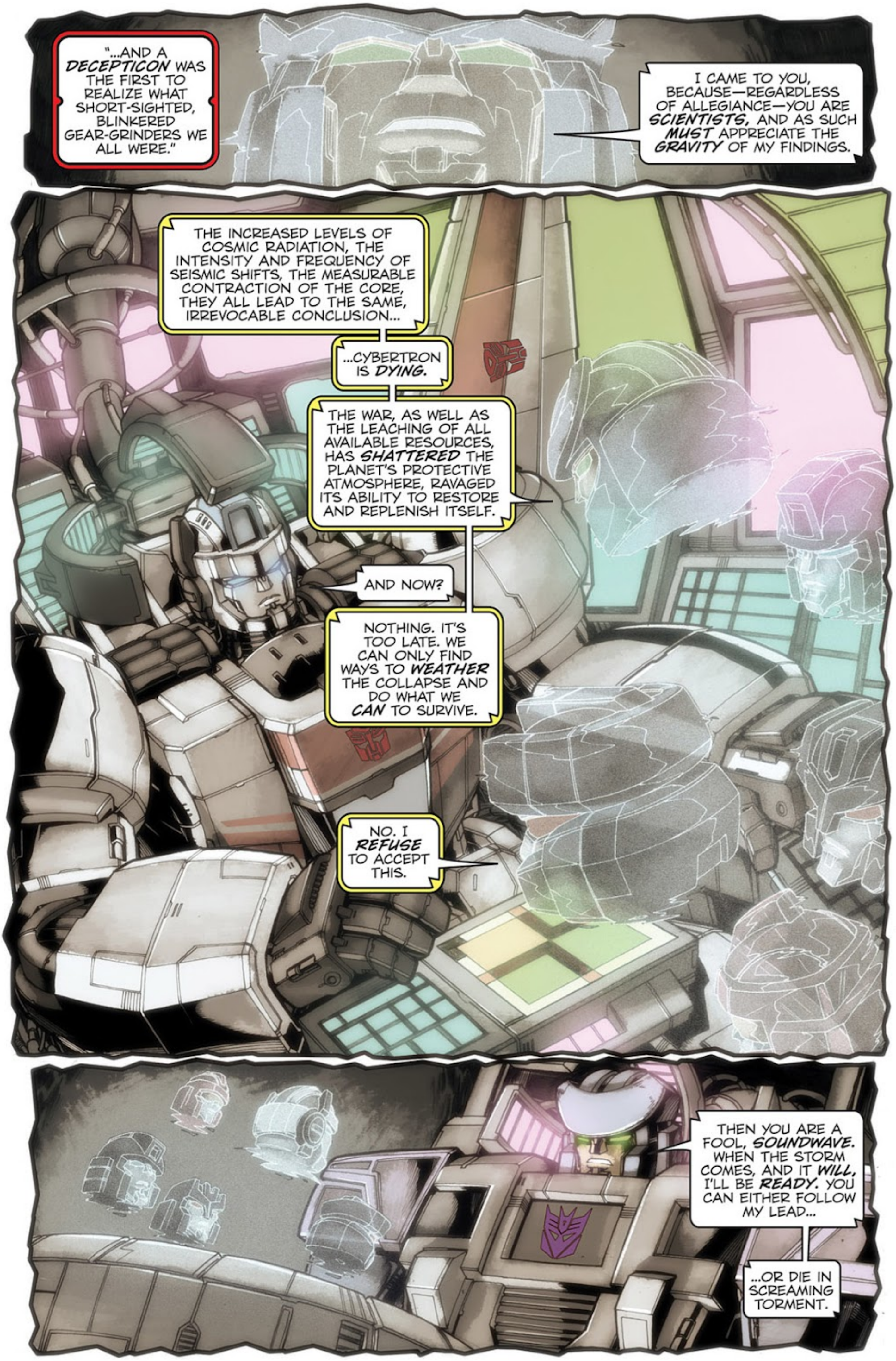

"PRIME. PRIME."
"DON'T DIE ON ME."
NOT YET.
YOU DON'T GET OFF THAT EASY.
WH–? UH...
MUH- MEGATRON?
THE ADVERSARY HAS BREACHED THE SIEGE WALL. IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
GET UP, PRIME. AND FIGHT.


"THIS ISN'T OVER."
OPTIMUS PRIME?
SIR?
MM? OH, SEARCHLIGHT. EXCUSE ME.
WHAT IS IT?
PRIORITY PULSEWAVE TRANSMISSION FROM EARTH, YOUR DIRECT ATTENTION.
EARTH?
SMALL BODY IN THE SOL SYSTEM.
RIGHT. YES. PROWL'S DETACHMENT.


DECEPTICON INFILTRATION UNIT IN SIEGE MODE, AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. THREAT LEVEL—UNDETERMINED.
CURIOUS.
MONITOR AND KEEP ME UPDATED.
SIR!
I'LL... BE IN THE PINNACLE.
THE VERTIGINOUS DESCENTS INTO MY OWN, PERSONAL PURGATORY...
...PERSIST.
EVEN THE BUSINESS OF RUNNING A BITTER WAR OF ATTRITION DOES NOTHING TO STAVE OFF THE DARK, FOREBODING FRACTURING OF MY PSYCHE.
I SEE THE END.
BUT THE SHUDDERING, LURCHING INSTANT BRINGS SCANT COMFORT. FOR I KNOW, DEEP DOWN...



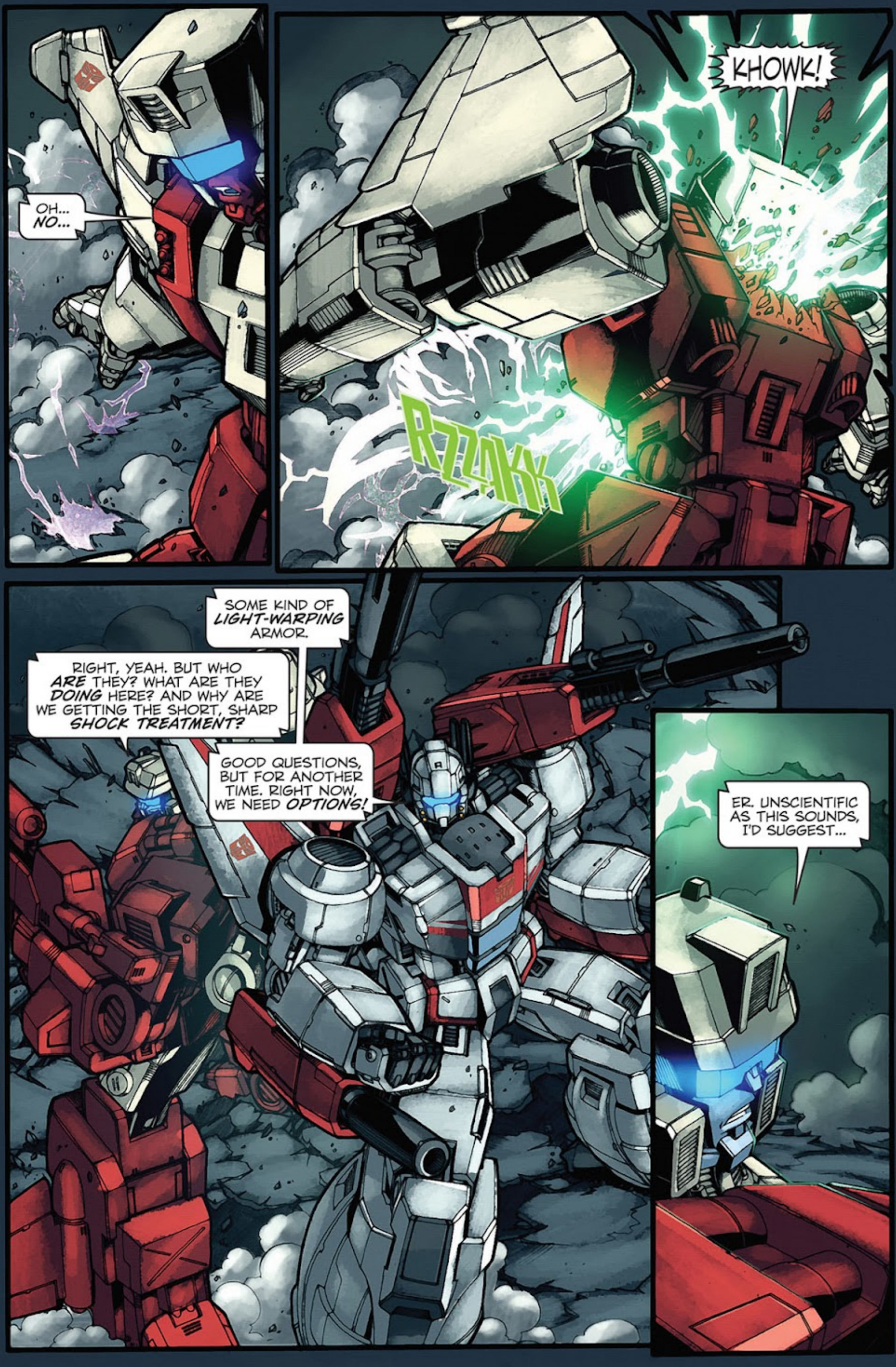
...IT NEVER ENDS.
OKAY, I THINK WE'RE SET. STRAFE?
READY.
ER, JETFIRE...
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO RESIST MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY, BUT SHOULD WE BE DOING THIS?
I MEAN, IF THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE IT ALL WENT DOWN--LITERALLY--PERHAPS WE SHOULD LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.
BELIEVE ME, SCATTERSHOT, I HAVE MY OWN MISGIVINGS, BUT IF WE DON'T INVESTIGATE, IF WE PRETEND WHATEVER IT IS JUST ISN'T HERE...
...WE MAY PRECIPITATE A FRESH CATACLYSM!
ALL THIS... IT'S BECAUSE WE DIDN'T ASK THE QUESTIONS, DIDN'T LOOK BEYOND OUR OWN NARROW LITTLE CONCERNS.
WE WERE SO FIXATED ON WHATEVER FRONTIER WE WERE DEFENDING OR ADVANCING WE NEVER LOOKED UP TO SEE WHAT WE WERE DOING TO THE PLANET.
TYPICAL. ALL THE BRILLIANT, INNOVATIVE MINDS WE HAD ON TAP...

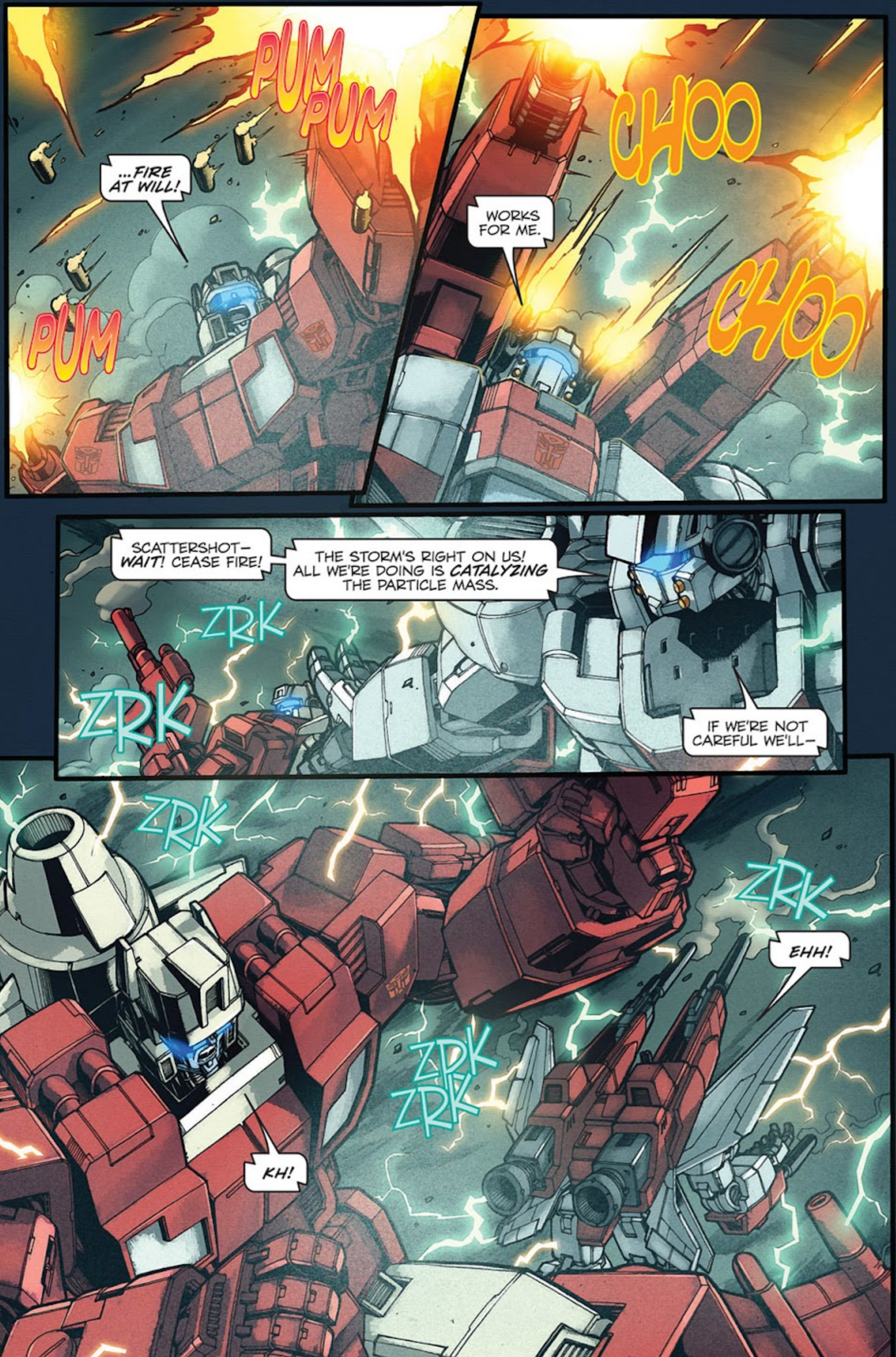

"...AND A DECEPTICON WAS THE FIRST TO REALIZE WHAT SHORT-SIGHTED, BLINKERED GEAR-GRINDERS WE ALL WERE."
I CAME TO YOU, BECAUSE—REGARDLESS OF ALLEGIANCE—YOU ARE SCIENTISTS, AND AS SUCH MUST APPRECIATE THE GRAVITY OF MY FINDINGS.
THE INCREASED LEVELS OF COSMIC RADIATION, THE INTENSITY AND FREQUENCY OF SEISMIC SHIFTS, THE MEASURABLE CONTRACTION OF THE CORE, THEY ALL LEAD TO THE SAME, IRREVOCABLE CONCLUSION...
...CYBERTRON IS DYING.
THE WAR, AS WELL AS THE LEACHING OF ALL AVAILABLE RESOURCES, HAS SHATTERED THE PLANET'S PROTECTIVE ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED ITS ABILITY TO RESTORE AND REPLENISH ITSELF.
AND NOW?
NOTHING. IT'S TOO LATE. WE CAN ONLY FIND WAYS TO WEATHER THE COLLAPSE AND DO WHAT WE CAN TO SURVIVE.
NO. I REFUSE TO ACCEPT THIS.
THEN YOU ARE A FOOL, SOUNDWAVE. WHEN THE STORM COMES, AND IT WILL, I'LL BE READY. YOU CAN EITHER FOLLOW MY LEAD...
...OR DIE IN SCREAMING TORMENT.

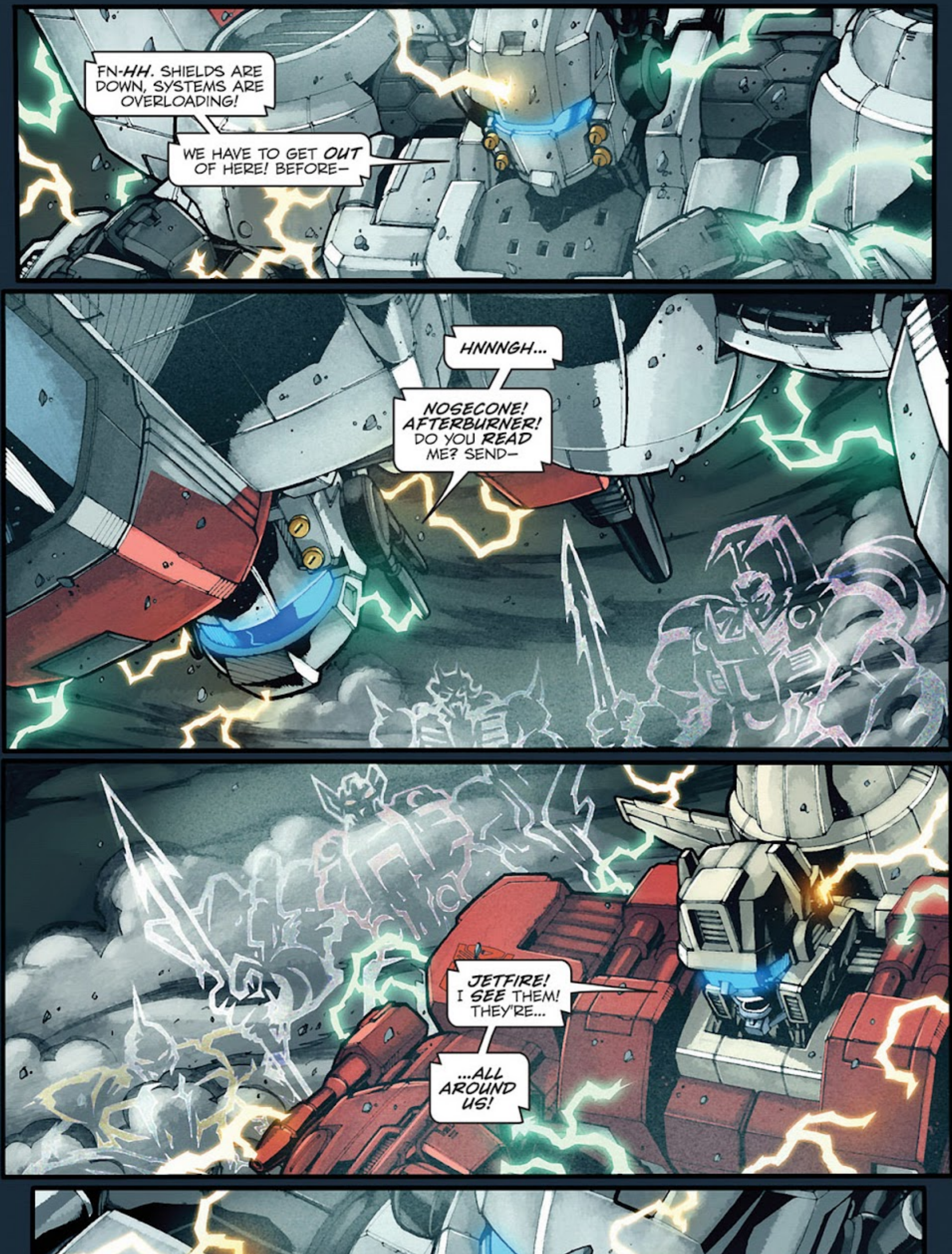


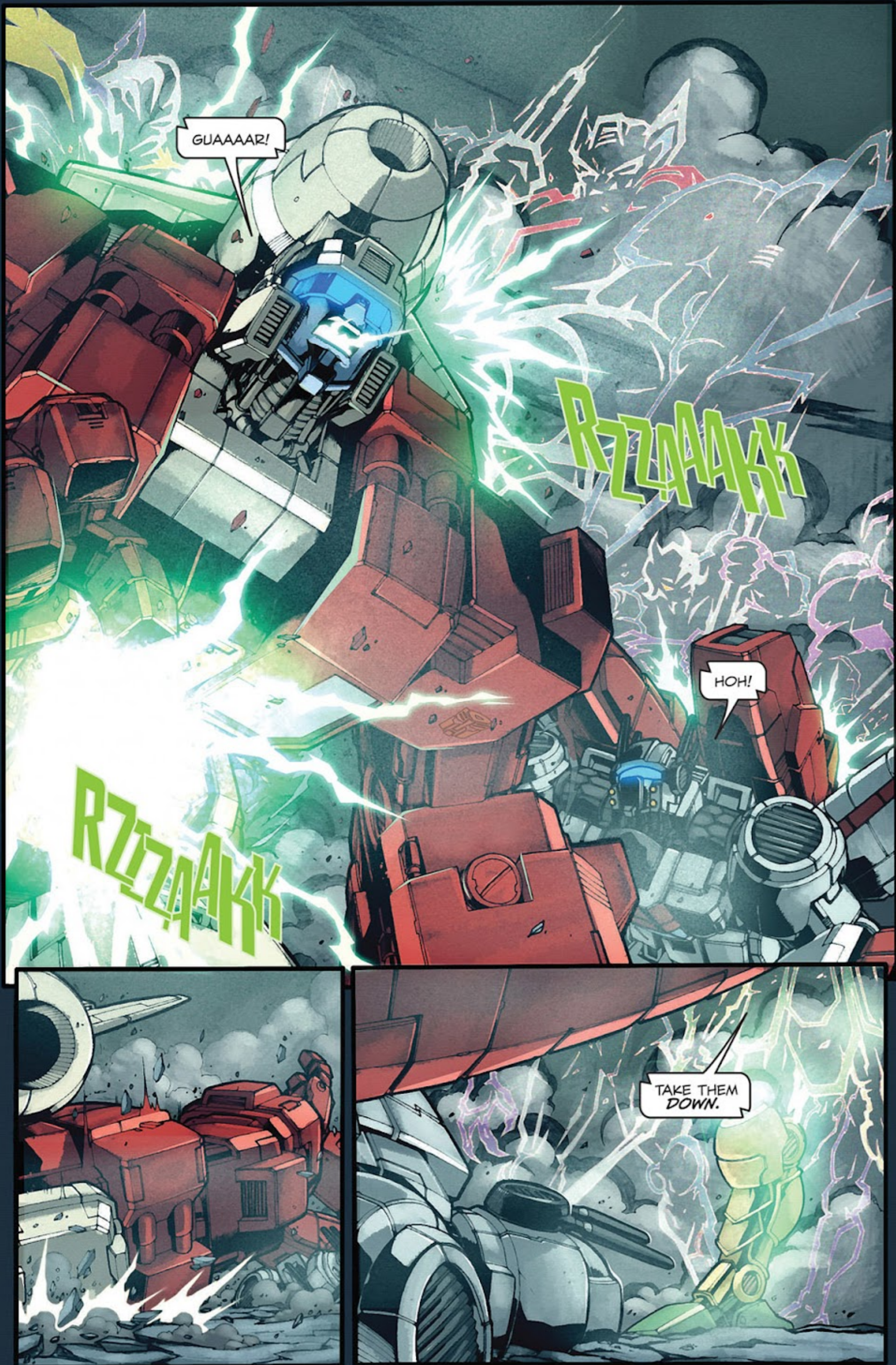
SO, IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, SCATTERSHOT, YES. WE *SHOULD.* WHATEVER WE FIND, HOWEVER UNPALATABLE IT MIGHT BE, WE *CAN'T* JUST PRETEND IT'S NOT THERE. STRAFE...
...*LAUNCH* THE PROBE.
FWUSH
JETFIRE—THAT PARTICLE STORM WE TRACKED IS CLOSING IN, *FAST.* WE NEED TO BE *GONE* BEFORE IT REACHES US.
OUR PERSONAL SHIELDING CAN ONLY HANDLE SO MUCH.
AGREED. STRAFE, LIGHTSPEED—PACK UP ANY NON-ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT AND GET READY TO *MOVE OUT.*
WE'LL ANALYZE THE TELEMETRY FROM THE PROBE ONCE WE'RE BACK ABOARD THE *CALABI-YAU.*

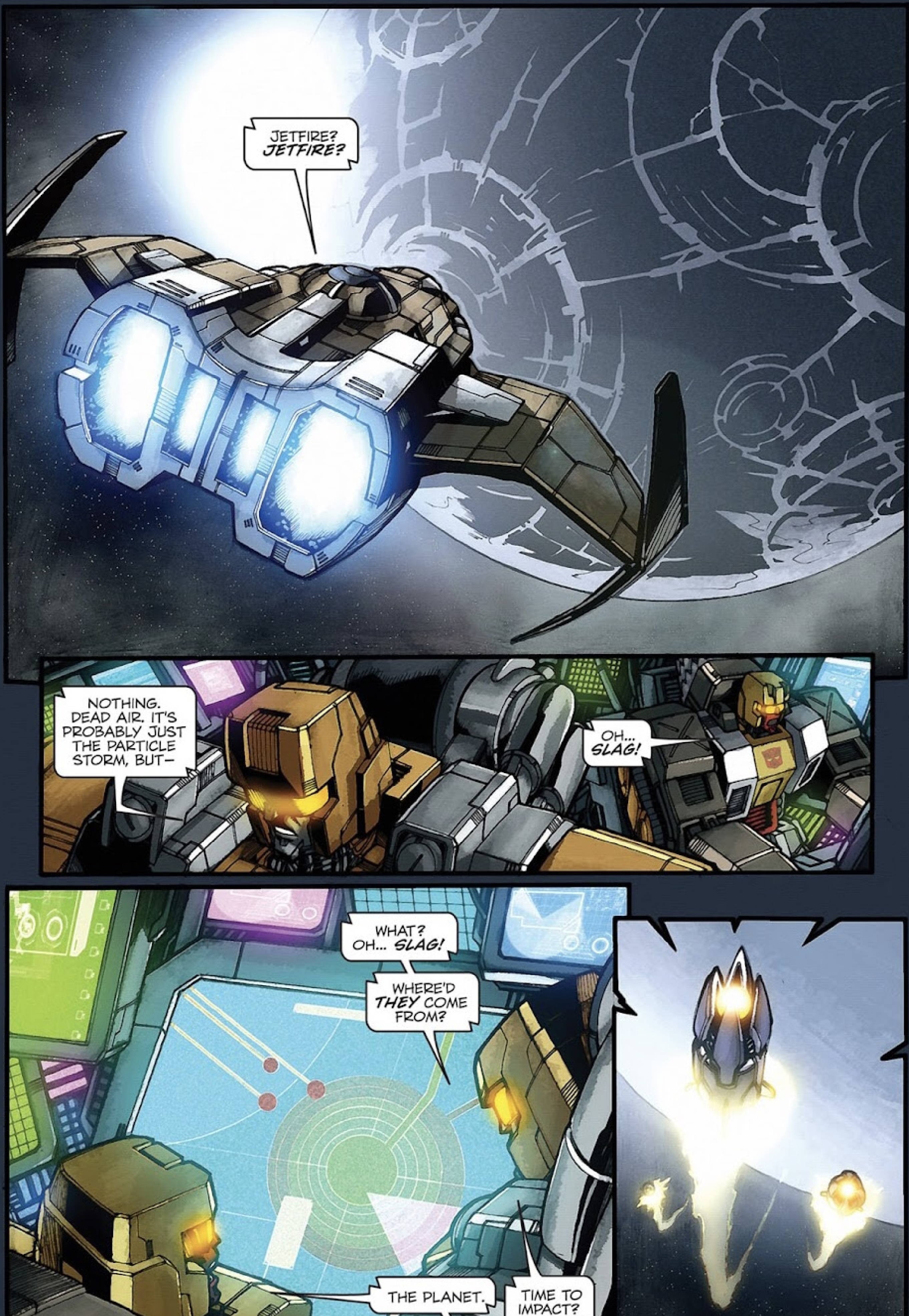

WELL, CYBERTRON, IT'S BEEN A ***BLAST***, BUT I FOR ONE AM READY TO SAY...
...GOOD–
DID... ANYONE–
NO. NO... IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION, GOT TO BE. THERE'S NO ONE–
GHEEAH!
RZZAKK
LIGHTSPEED?!
WHAT... JUST... ***HAPPENED?***
I ***THOUGHT*** I SAW–


OH... NO...
KHOWK!
RZZAKK
SOME KIND OF LIGHT-WARPING ARMOR.
RIGHT, YEAH. BUT WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE? AND WHY ARE WE GETTING THE SHORT, SHARP SHOCK TREATMENT?
GOOD QUESTIONS, BUT FOR ANOTHER TIME. RIGHT NOW, WE NEED OPTIONS!
ER. UNSCIENTIFIC AS THIS SOUNDS, I'D SUGGEST...

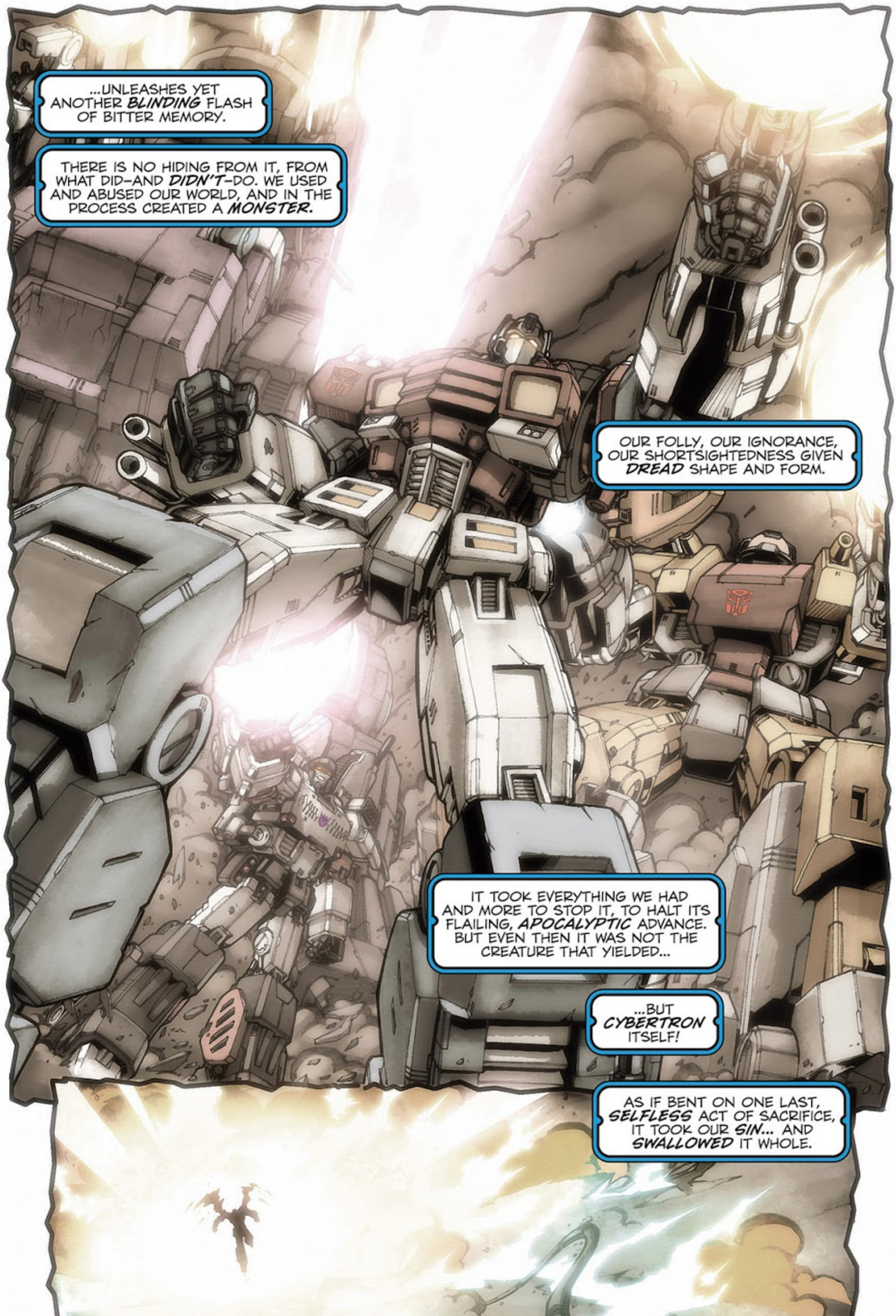

PUM PUM
PUM
...FIRE AT WILL!
CHOO
WORKS FOR ME.
CHOO
SCATTERSHOT— WAIT! CEASE FIRE!
THE STORM'S RIGHT ON US! ALL WE'RE DOING IS CATALYZING THE PARTICLE MASS.
ZRK
ZRK
IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL WE'LL—
ZRK
ZRK
EHH!
ZRK ZRK
KH!

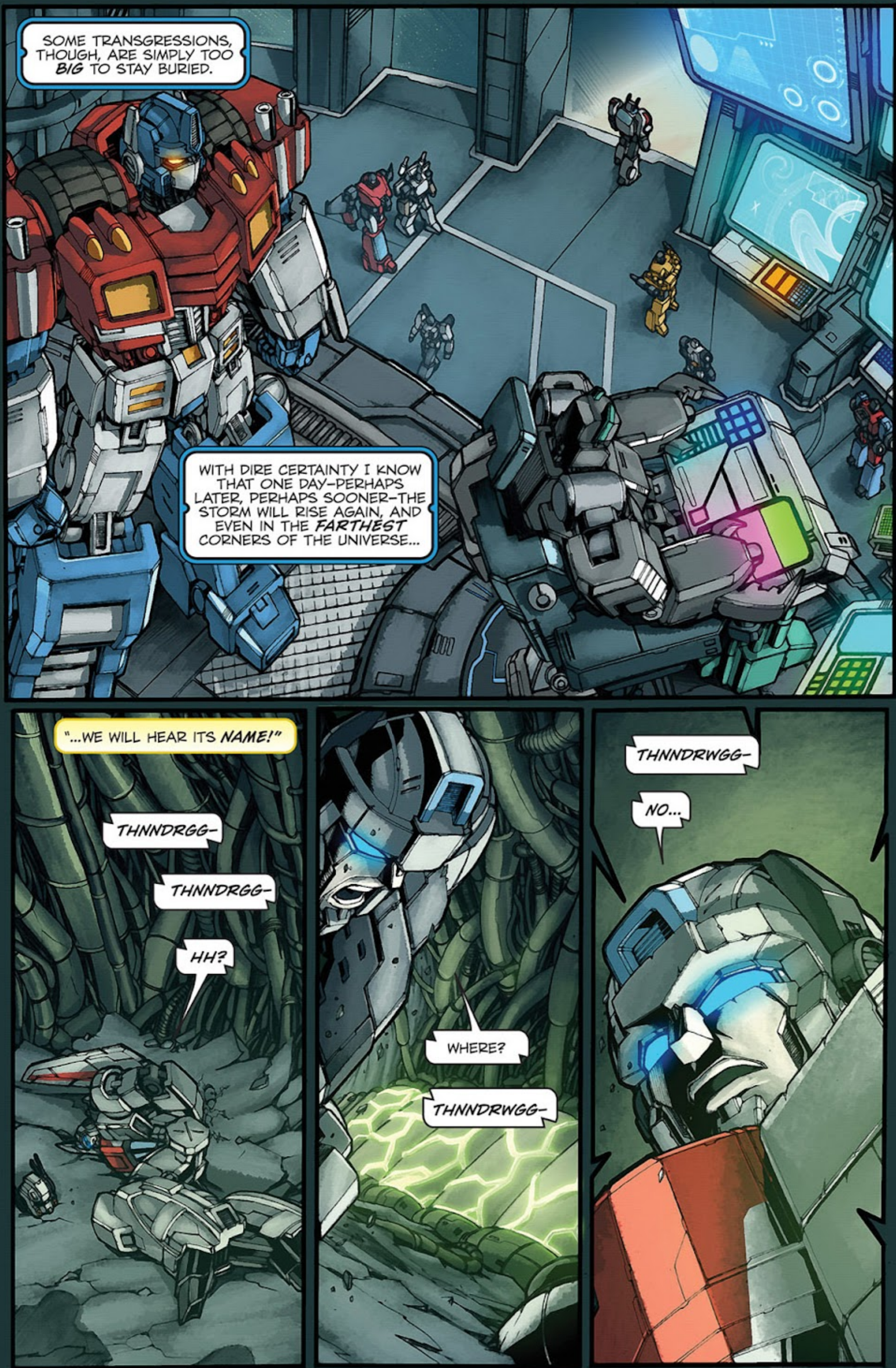

FN-HH. SHIELDS ARE DOWN, SYSTEMS ARE OVERLOADING!
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! BEFORE–
HNNNGH...
NOSECONE! AFTERBURNER! DO YOU READ ME? SEND–
JETFIRE! I SEE THEM! THEY'RE...
...ALL AROUND US!
DAMN.


GUAAAAR!
RZZZAAAKK
HOH!
RZZZAAKK
TAKE THEM *DOWN.*


JETFIRE? *JETFIRE?*
NOTHING. DEAD AIR. IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE PARTICLE STORM, BUT—
OH... *SLAG!*
WHAT? OH... *SLAG!*
WHERE'D *THEY* COME FROM?
THE PLANET.
TIME TO IMPACT?
MOMENTS.


NOSECONE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE POD. THIS IS A SURVEY SHIP... THOSE THINGS'LL GO THROUGH OUR DEFENSES LIKE THEY WEREN'T THERE!
I'M LAUNCHING A DISTRESS BUOY. SOMEONE HAS TO KNOW WHAT'S GONE ON HERE!
HURRY!
THE CRASH OF DISTANT THUNDER...


...UNLEASHES YET ANOTHER *BLINDING* FLASH OF BITTER MEMORY.
THERE IS NO HIDING FROM IT, FROM WHAT DID–AND *DIDN'T*–DO. WE USED AND ABUSED OUR WORLD, AND IN THE PROCESS CREATED A *MONSTER.*
OUR FOLLY, OUR IGNORANCE, OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS GIVEN *DREAD* SHAPE AND FORM.
IT TOOK EVERYTHING WE HAD AND MORE TO STOP IT, TO HALT ITS FLAILING, *APOCALYPTIC* ADVANCE. BUT EVEN THEN IT WAS NOT THE CREATURE THAT YIELDED...
...BUT *CYBERTRON* ITSELF!
AS IF BENT ON ONE LAST, *SELFLESS* ACT OF SACRIFICE, IT TOOK OUR *SIN*... AND *SWALLOWED* IT WHOLE.


SOME TRANSGRESSIONS, THOUGH, ARE SIMPLY TOO *BIG* TO STAY BURIED.
WITH DIRE CERTAINTY I KNOW THAT ONE DAY–PERHAPS LATER, PERHAPS SOONER–THE STORM WILL RISE AGAIN, AND EVEN IN THE *FARTHEST* CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE...
"...WE WILL HEAR ITS *NAME!*"
THNNDRGG-
THNNDRGG-
HH?
WHERE?
THNNDRWGG-
THNNDRWGG-
NO...


THUNDERWING!
THUNDERWING!
TO BE CONTINUED.


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The Transformers: Stormbringer #2

Returning to CYBERTRON on a routine science/monitoring mission, JETFIRE and the TECHNOBOTS (STRAFE, AFTERBURNER, NOSECONE, SCATTERSHOT and LIGHTSPEED) discover that planet is not quite as abandoned as they thought. The echoes of a thunderous conflict against an unstoppable foe have again grown loud, and the storm is raging again, full force!



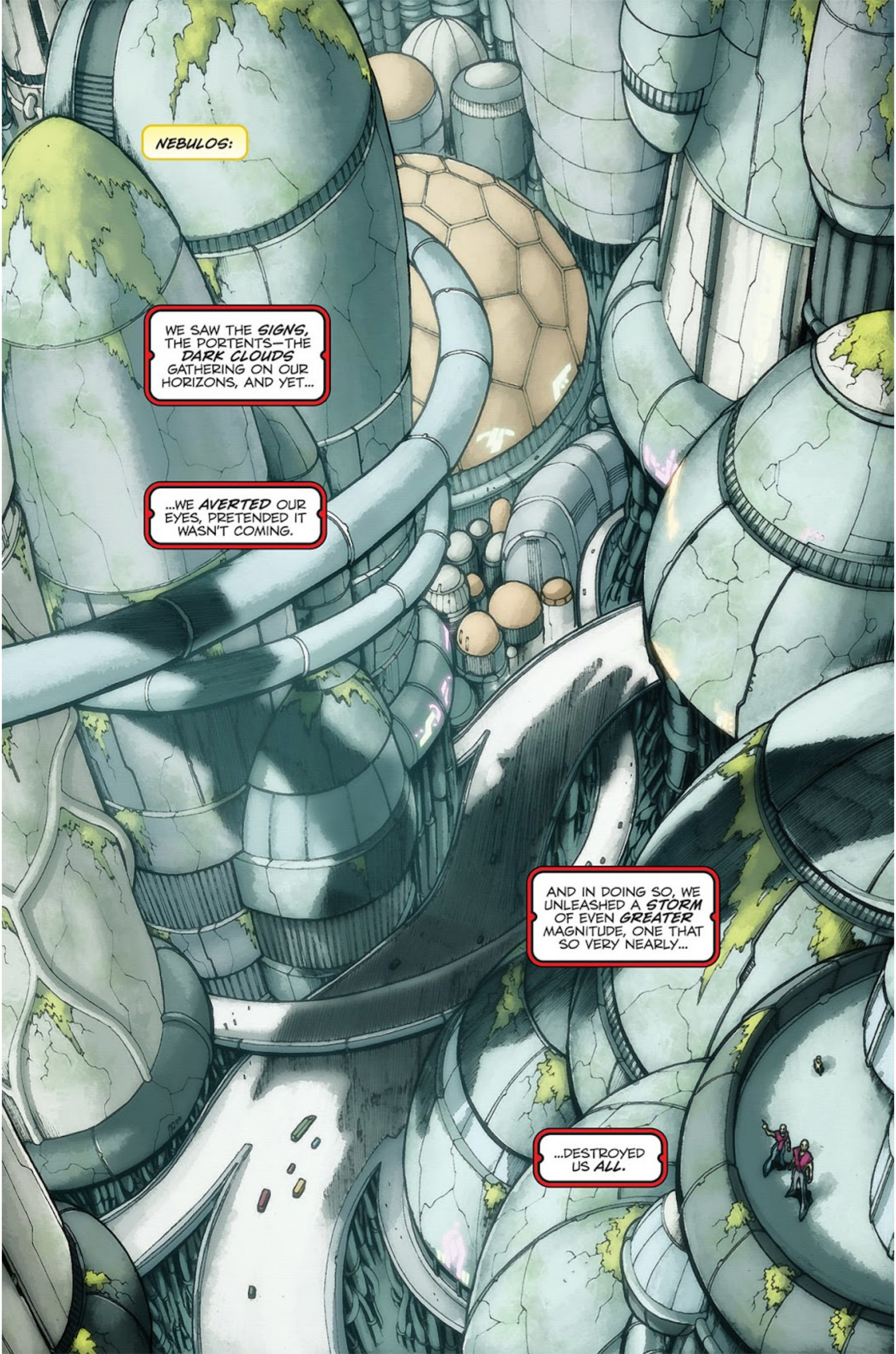
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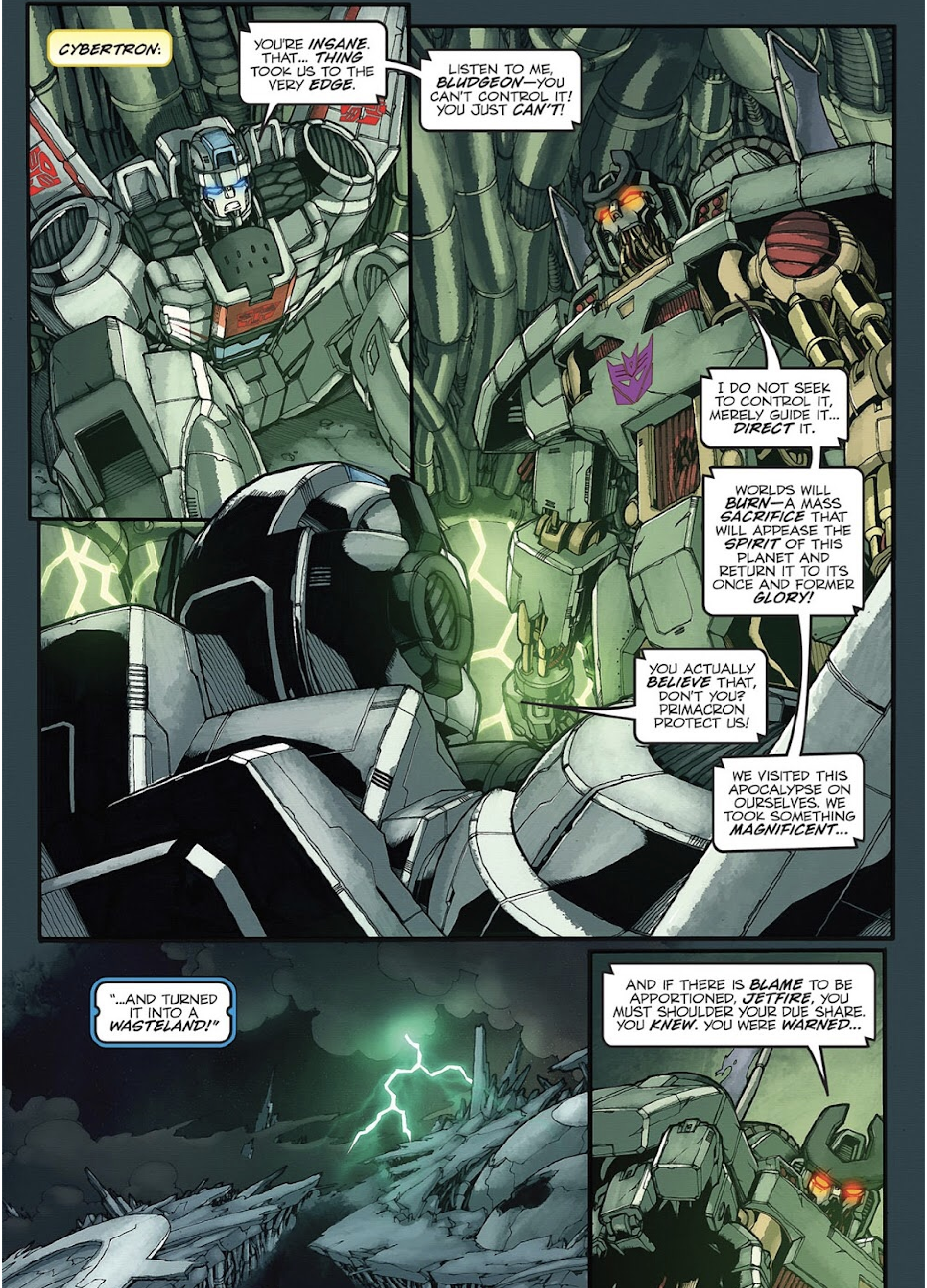
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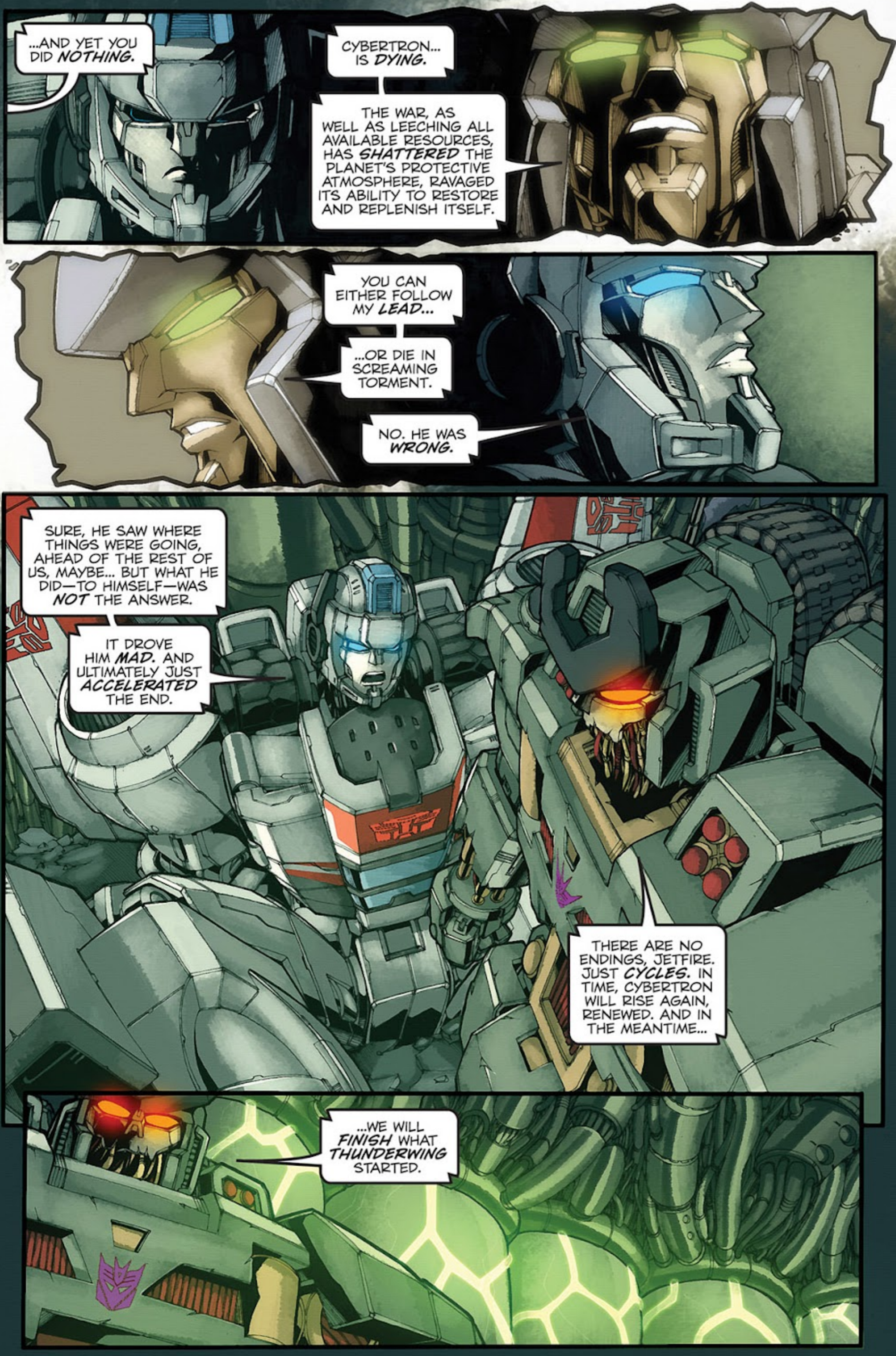
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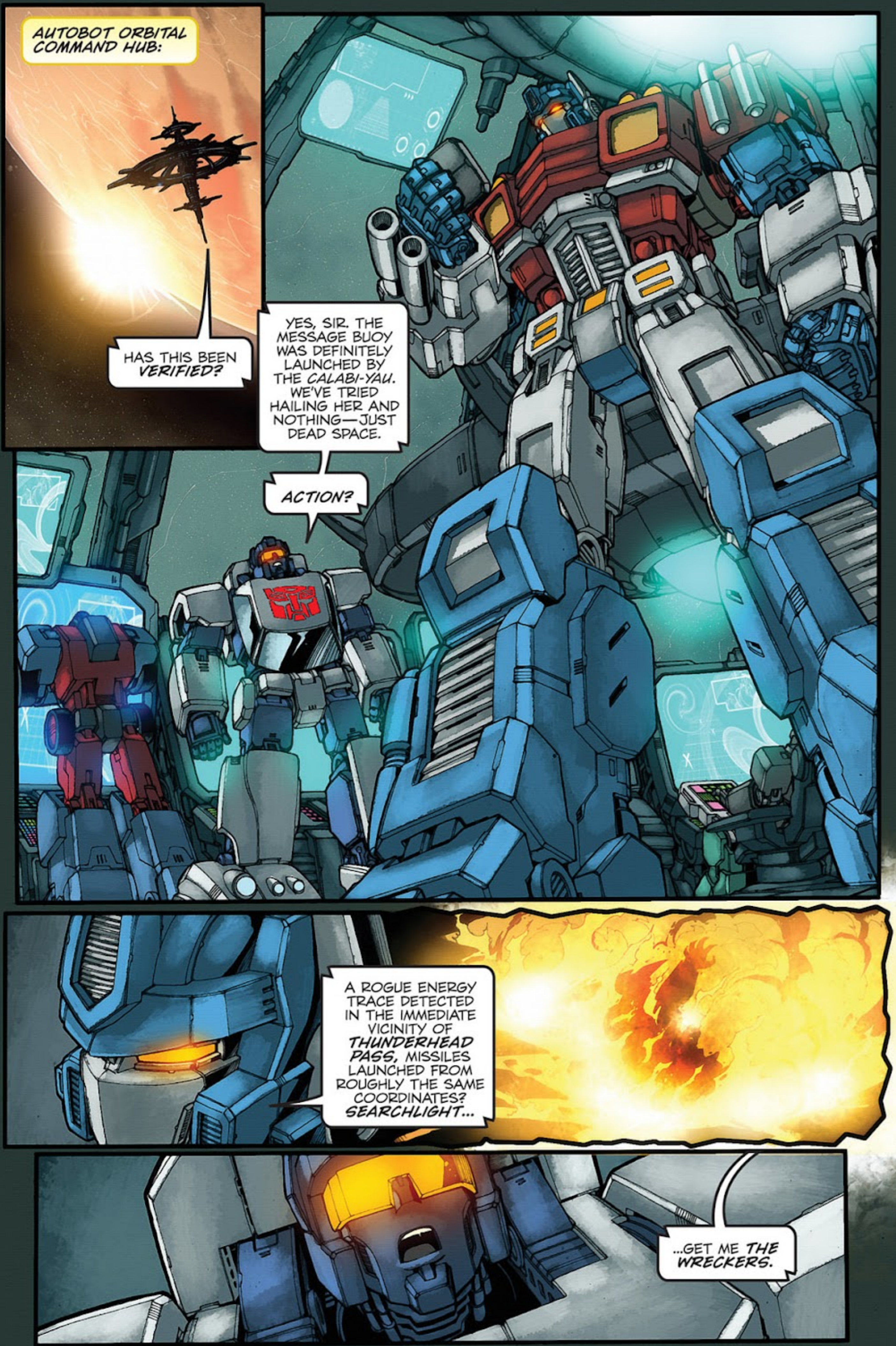
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NEBULOS:
WE SAW THE SIGNS, THE PORTENTS—THE DARK CLOUDS GATHERING ON OUR HORIZONS, AND YET...
...WE AVERTED OUR EYES, PRETENDED IT WASN'T COMING.
AND IN DOING SO, WE UNLEASHED A STORM OF EVEN GREATER MAGNITUDE, ONE THAT SO VERY NEARLY...
...DESTROYED US ALL.


CYBERTRON:
YOU'RE INSANE. THAT... THING TOOK US TO THE VERY EDGE.
LISTEN TO ME, BLUDGEON—YOU CAN'T CONTROL IT! YOU JUST CAN'T!
I DO NOT SEEK TO CONTROL IT, MERELY GUIDE IT... DIRECT IT.
WORLDS WILL BURN—A MASS SACRIFICE THAT WILL APPEASE THE SPIRIT OF THIS PLANET AND RETURN IT TO ITS ONCE AND FORMER GLORY!
YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT, DON'T YOU? PRIMACRON PROTECT US!
WE VISITED THIS APOCALYPSE ON OURSELVES. WE TOOK SOMETHING MAGNIFICENT...
"...AND TURNED IT INTO A WASTELAND!"
AND IF THERE IS BLAME TO BE APPORTIONED, JETFIRE, YOU MUST SHOULDER YOUR DUE SHARE. YOU KNEW. YOU WERE WARNED...


...AND YET YOU DID NOTHING.
CYBERTRON... IS DYING.
THE WAR, AS WELL AS LEECHING ALL AVAILABLE RESOURCES, HAS SHATTERED THE PLANET'S PROTECTIVE ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED ITS ABILITY TO RESTORE AND REPLENISH ITSELF.
YOU CAN EITHER FOLLOW MY LEAD...
...OR DIE IN SCREAMING TORMENT.
NO. HE WAS WRONG.
SURE, HE SAW WHERE THINGS WERE GOING, AHEAD OF THE REST OF US, MAYBE... BUT WHAT HE DID—TO HIMSELF—WAS NOT THE ANSWER.
IT DROVE HIM MAD. AND ULTIMATELY JUST ACCELERATED THE END.
THERE ARE NO ENDINGS, JETFIRE. JUST CYCLES. IN TIME, CYBERTRON WILL RISE AGAIN, RENEWED. AND IN THE MEANTIME...
...WE WILL FINISH WHAT THUNDERWING STARTED.

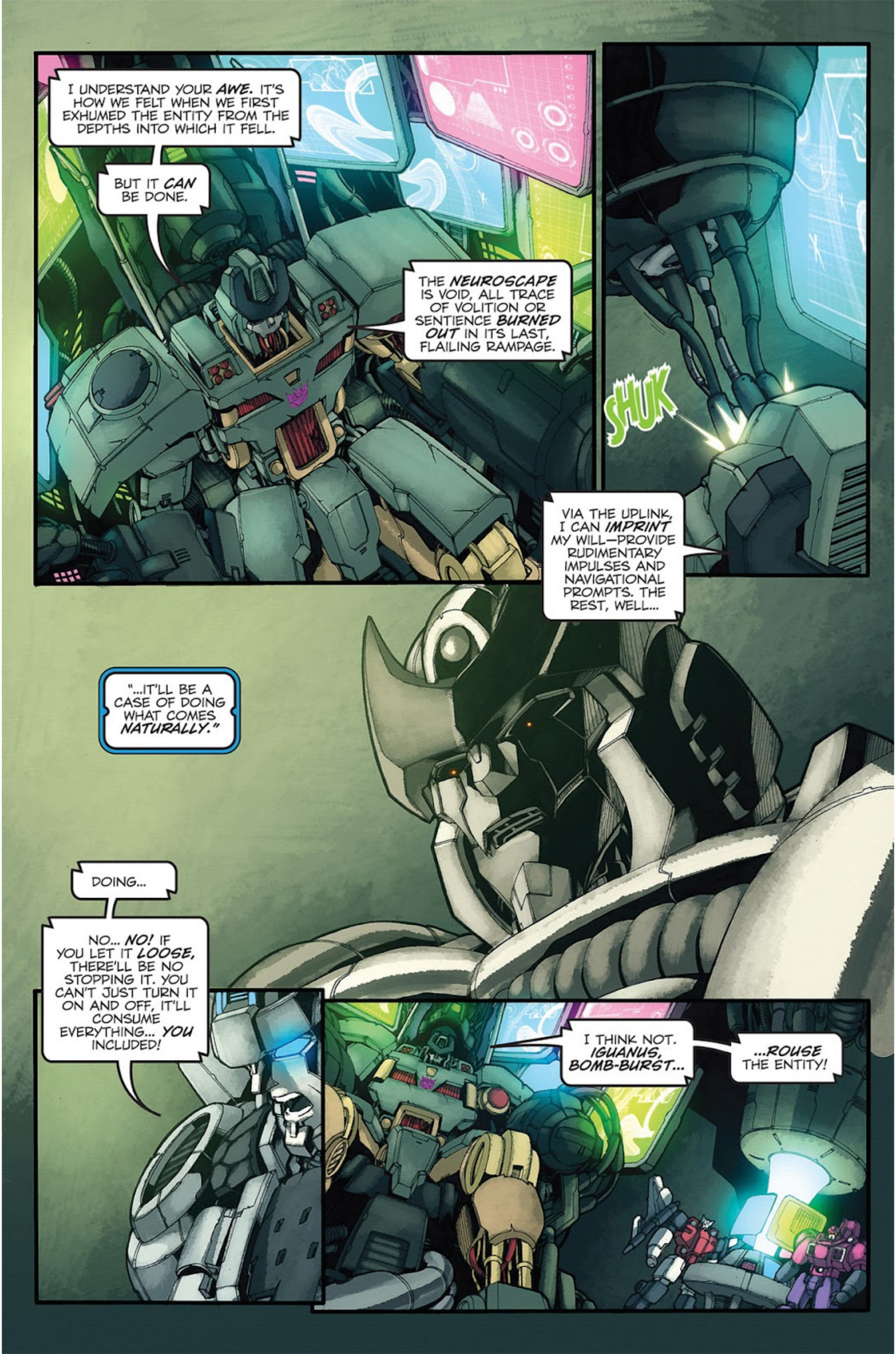

OH... NO.
YOU'RE TRYING TO REPLICATE HIS GRAFTING PROCESS, AREN'T YOU? I-I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THE TECHNOLOGY! BLUDGEON, YOU... CAN'T! YOU MUSTN'T—
I CAN. I HAVE. RIGHT NOW...
...YOUR COMPATRIOTS ARE PROVIDING THE NECESSARY RAW MATERIALS. AND SOON...
...WE WILL ALL BE SO MUCH MORE THAN WE ARE NOW!
WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, THOSE WHO PERISHED ABOARD THE CALABI-YAU...
"...GOT OFF LIGHTLY!"

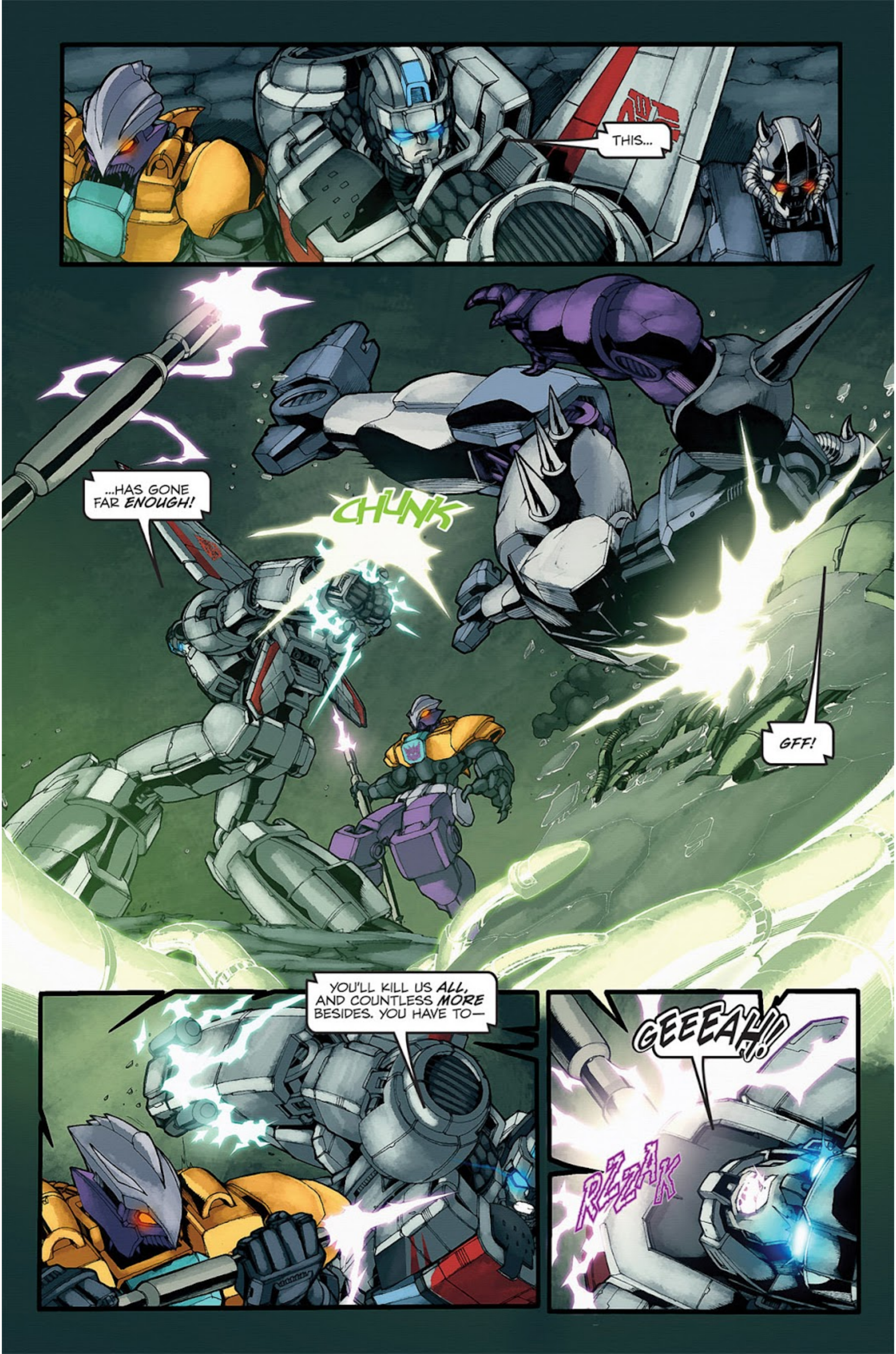

AUTOBOT ORBITAL COMMAND HUB:
HAS THIS BEEN VERIFIED?
YES, SIR. THE MESSAGE BUOY WAS DEFINITELY LAUNCHED BY THE CALABI-YAU. WE'VE TRIED HAILING HER AND NOTHING—JUST DEAD SPACE.
ACTION?
A ROGUE ENERGY TRACE DETECTED IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THUNDERHEAD PASS, MISSILES LAUNCHED FROM ROUGHLY THE SAME COORDINATES? SEARCHLIGHT...
...GET ME THE WRECKERS.


VARAS CENTRALUS, IN THE KOL SYSTEM:
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT'S A LOST CAUSE? OF COURSE IT'S A LOST CAUSE.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!
SAY AGAIN?
NO. I DON'T CARE IF IT'S PHASE SIXTY! WE DON'T CEDE THIS WORLD TO THE DECEPTICONS WITHOUT ONE HECK OF A KICK AND STRUGGLE. LISTEN, BLUESTREAK, GET YOUR SQUAD OUT HERE NOW...
THUWMM
THUWMM
"...OR YOU'LL MISS ALL THE FUN!"

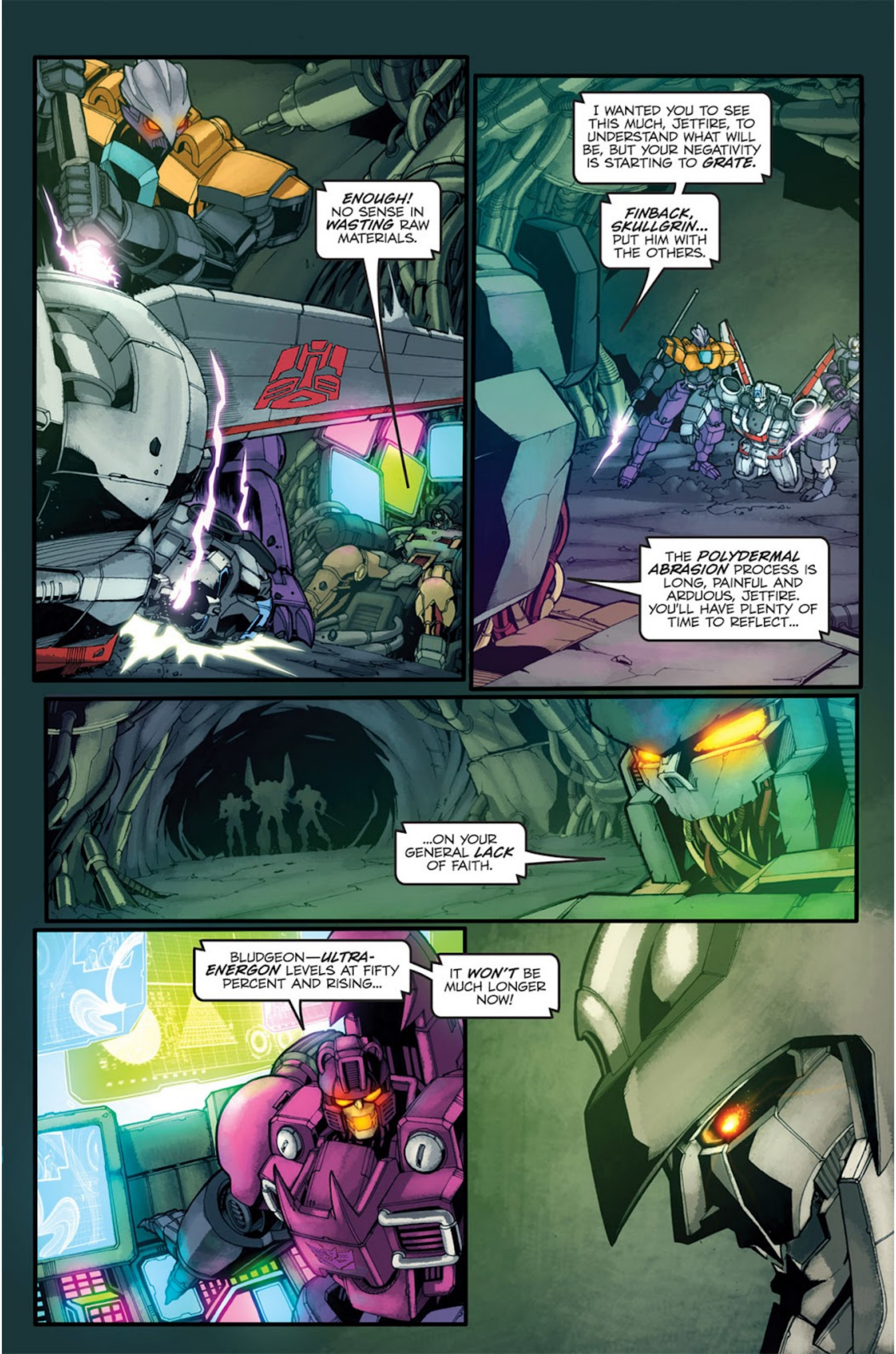

SCOOP—HOW'S MY STORM TUNNEL COMING?
SLOWLY, SPRINGER, SLOWLY. THE LOCAL ROCK IS VERY DENSE. PRIMACRON KNOWS HOW THE DECEPTICONS GOT THEIR SIEGE MODE ARMATURE PLACED!
HONEST, VIRTUOUS EFFORT, SCOOP. TELL TWIN TWIST TO KEEP AT IT.
SPRINGER!
OPS-COMMAND! IT'S URGENT.
ISN'T IT ALWAYS?
HH. GIVE IT HERE.
YES?
NO.
DIRECT FROM PRIME, YOU SAY? WHAT ABOUT VARAS?
ONE BIG DISASTER AREA. BUT THAT'S NEVER STOPPED US IN THE PAST.
OKAY. BUT I HATE LEAVING A BATTLE HALF-FOUGHT.

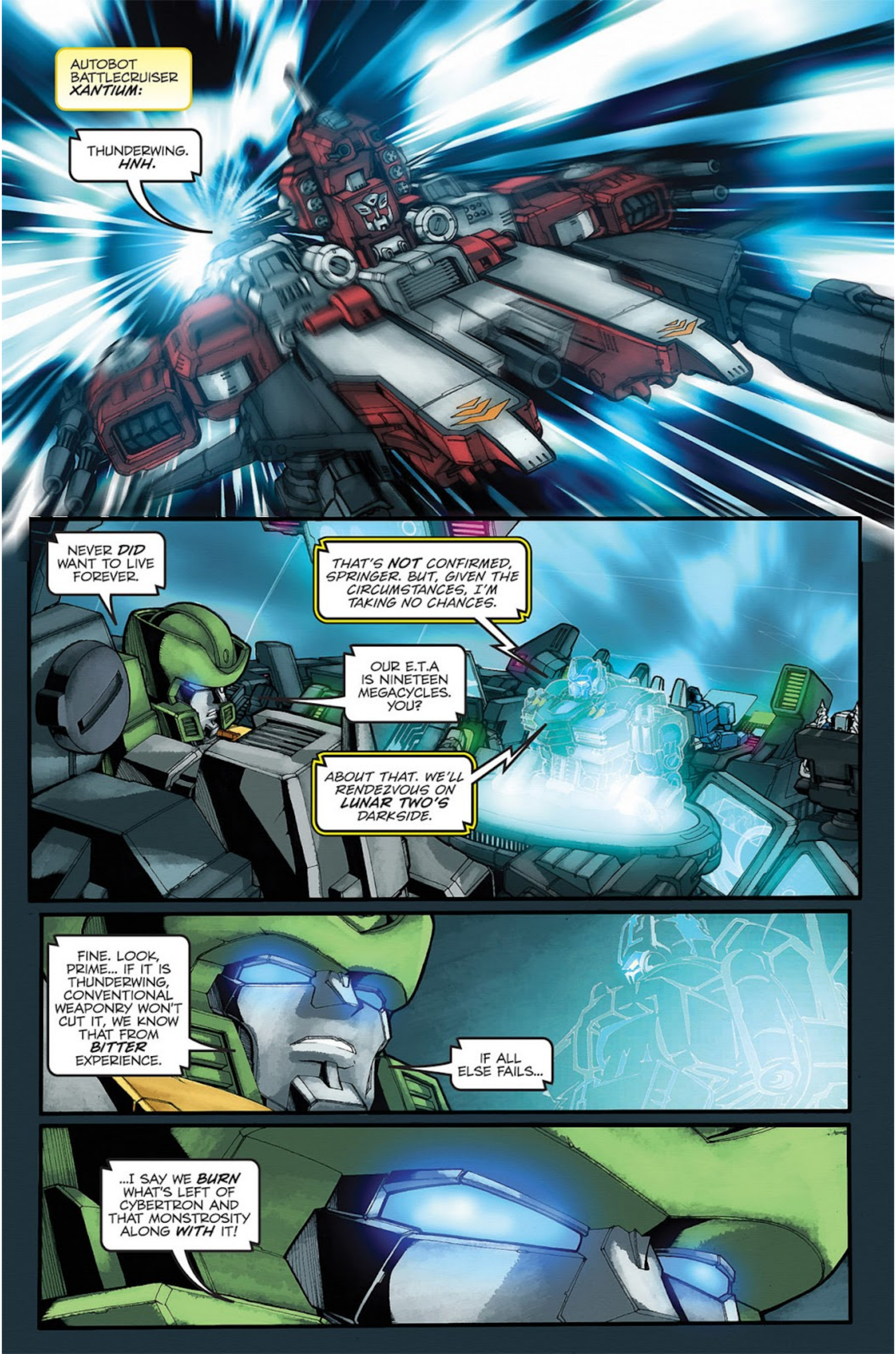

ROADBUSTER— PULL 'EM OUT.
SUMMONS FROM ON HIGH. WE'RE BEING REDEPLOYED.
TO?
HOME.
CYBERTRON...
"...I'M BEGGING YOU, DON'T DO IT!"
THIS THING, IT'S NOT A CONTAINABLE QUANTITY, IT'S A FORCE OF NATURE.
YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY HOPE TO DIRECT IT, LIKE SOME GUIDED MISSILE. IT'LL OVERWHELM YOU, ROLL RIGHT OVER YOU! IT'S JUST...
...TOO BIG.


I UNDERSTAND YOUR AWE. IT'S HOW WE FELT WHEN WE FIRST EXHUMED THE ENTITY FROM THE DEPTHS INTO WHICH IT FELL.
BUT IT CAN BE DONE.
THE NEUROSCAPE IS VOID, ALL TRACE OF VOLITION OR SENTIENCE BURNED OUT IN ITS LAST, FLAILING RAMPAGE.
SHUK
VIA THE UPLINK, I CAN IMPRINT MY WILL—PROVIDE RUDIMENTARY IMPULSES AND NAVIGATIONAL PROMPTS. THE REST, WELL...
"...IT'LL BE A CASE OF DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY."
DOING...
NO... NO! IF YOU LET IT LOOSE, THERE'LL BE NO STOPPING IT. YOU CAN'T JUST TURN IT ON AND OFF, IT'LL CONSUME EVERYTHING... YOU INCLUDED!
I THINK NOT. IGUANUS, BOMB-BURST...
...ROUSE THE ENTITY!

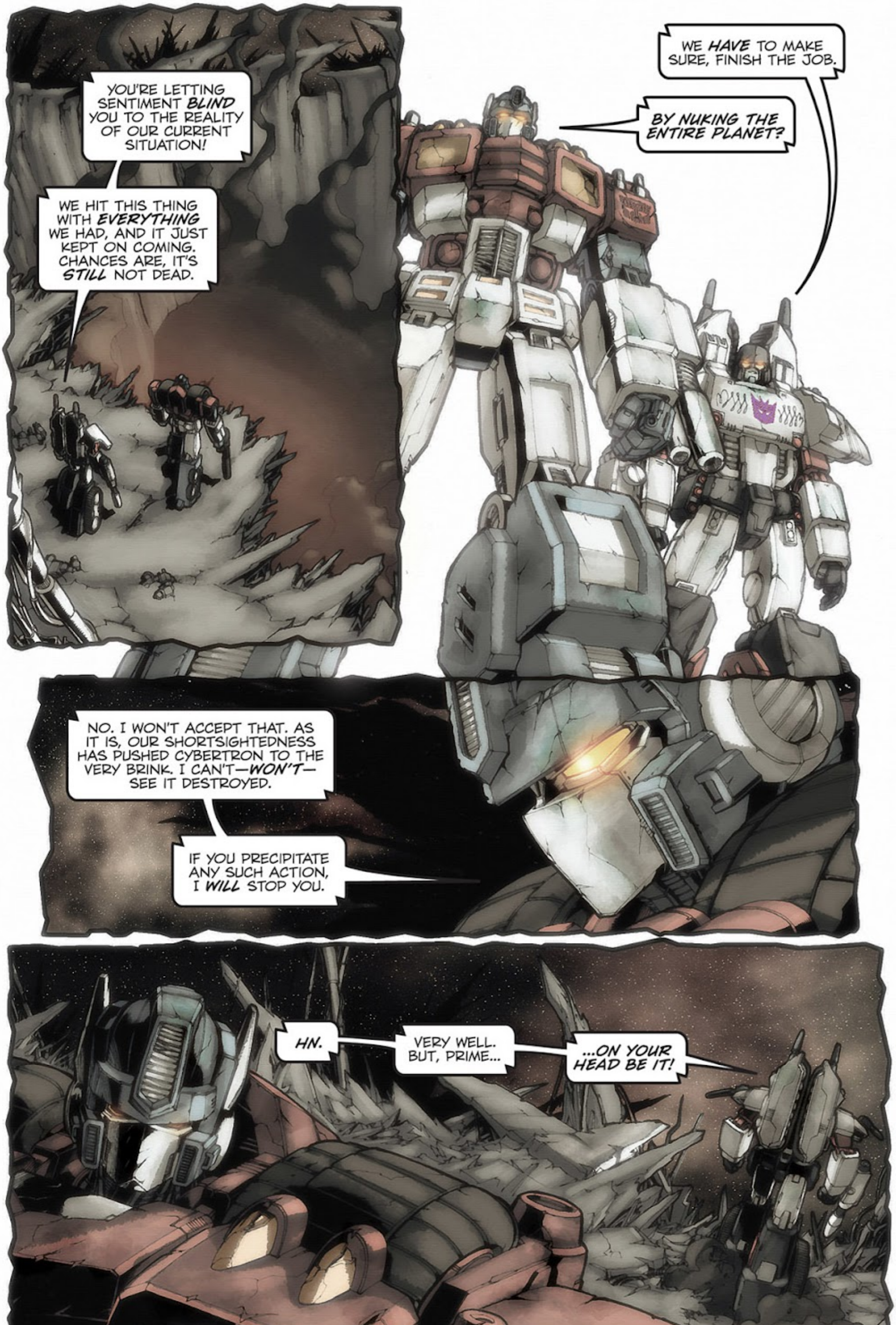


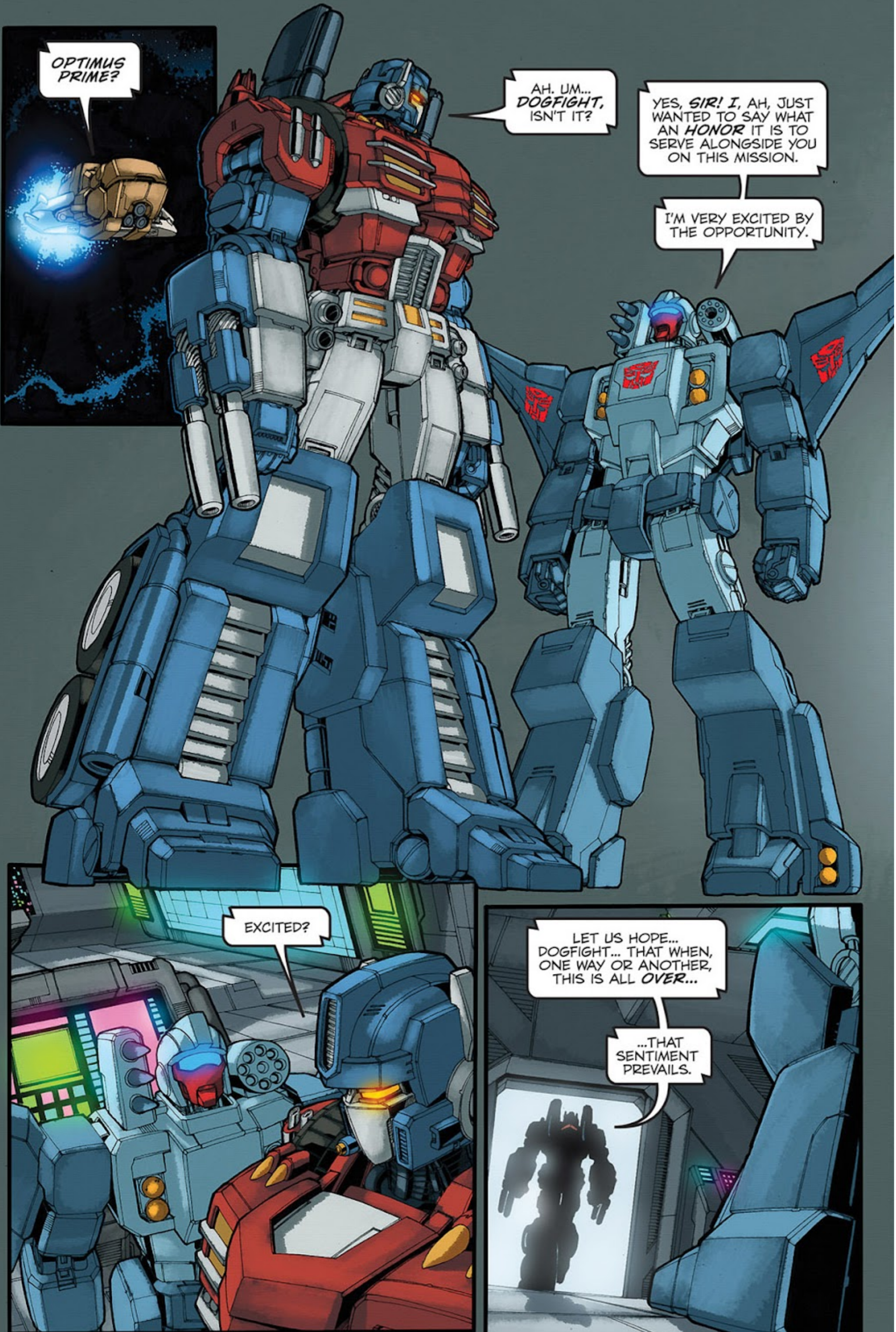
THIS...
...HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
CHUNK
GFF!
YOU'LL KILL US ALL, AND COUNTLESS MORE BESIDES. YOU HAVE TO—
GEEEAAH!!
RZZAK


ENOUGH! NO SENSE IN WASTING RAW MATERIALS.
I WANTED YOU TO SEE THIS MUCH, JETFIRE, TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WILL BE, BUT YOUR NEGATIVITY IS STARTING TO GRATE.
FINBACK, SKULLGRIN... PUT HIM WITH THE OTHERS.
THE POLYDERMAL ABRASION PROCESS IS LONG, PAINFUL AND ARDUOUS, JETFIRE. YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO REFLECT...
...ON YOUR GENERAL LACK OF FAITH.
BLUDGEON—ULTRA-ENERGON LEVELS AT FIFTY PERCENT AND RISING...
IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW!

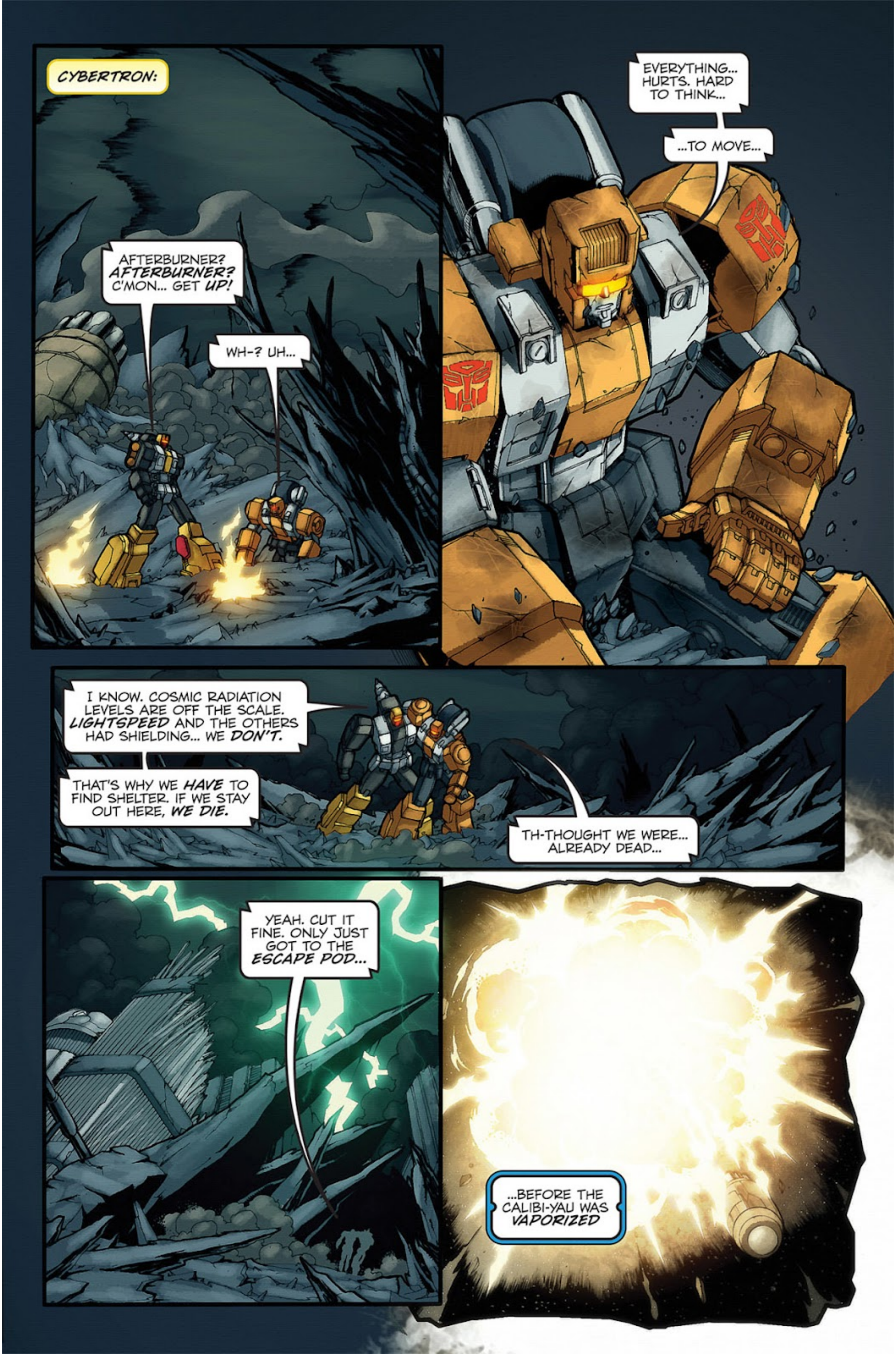

AUTOBOT BATTLECRUISER XANTIUM:
THUNDERWING. HNH.
NEVER DID WANT TO LIVE FOREVER.
THAT'S NOT CONFIRMED, SPRINGER. BUT, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES.
OUR E.T.A IS NINETEEN MEGACYCLES. YOU?
ABOUT THAT. WE'LL RENDEZVOUS ON LUNAR TWO'S DARKSIDE.
FINE. LOOK, PRIME... IF IT IS THUNDERWING, CONVENTIONAL WEAPONRY WON'T CUT IT, WE KNOW THAT FROM BITTER EXPERIENCE.
IF ALL ELSE FAILS...
...I SAY WE BURN WHAT'S LEFT OF CYBERTRON AND THAT MONSTROSITY ALONG WITH IT!


I'LL...
...TAKE THAT UNDER ADVISEMENT.
PRIME OUT.
"PRIME. LISTEN TO ME...
"...YOU HAVE TO SEE THE BIGGER PICTURE.


YOU'RE LETTING SENTIMENT BLIND YOU TO THE REALITY OF OUR CURRENT SITUATION!
WE HIT THIS THING WITH EVERYTHING WE HAD, AND IT JUST KEPT ON COMING. CHANCES ARE, IT'S STILL NOT DEAD.
WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE, FINISH THE JOB.
BY NUKING THE ENTIRE PLANET?
NO. I WON'T ACCEPT THAT. AS IT IS, OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS HAS PUSHED CYBERTRON TO THE VERY BRINK. I CAN'T—WON'T— SEE IT DESTROYED.
IF YOU PRECIPITATE ANY SUCH ACTION, I WILL STOP YOU.
HN.
VERY WELL. BUT, PRIME...
...ON YOUR HEAD BE IT!

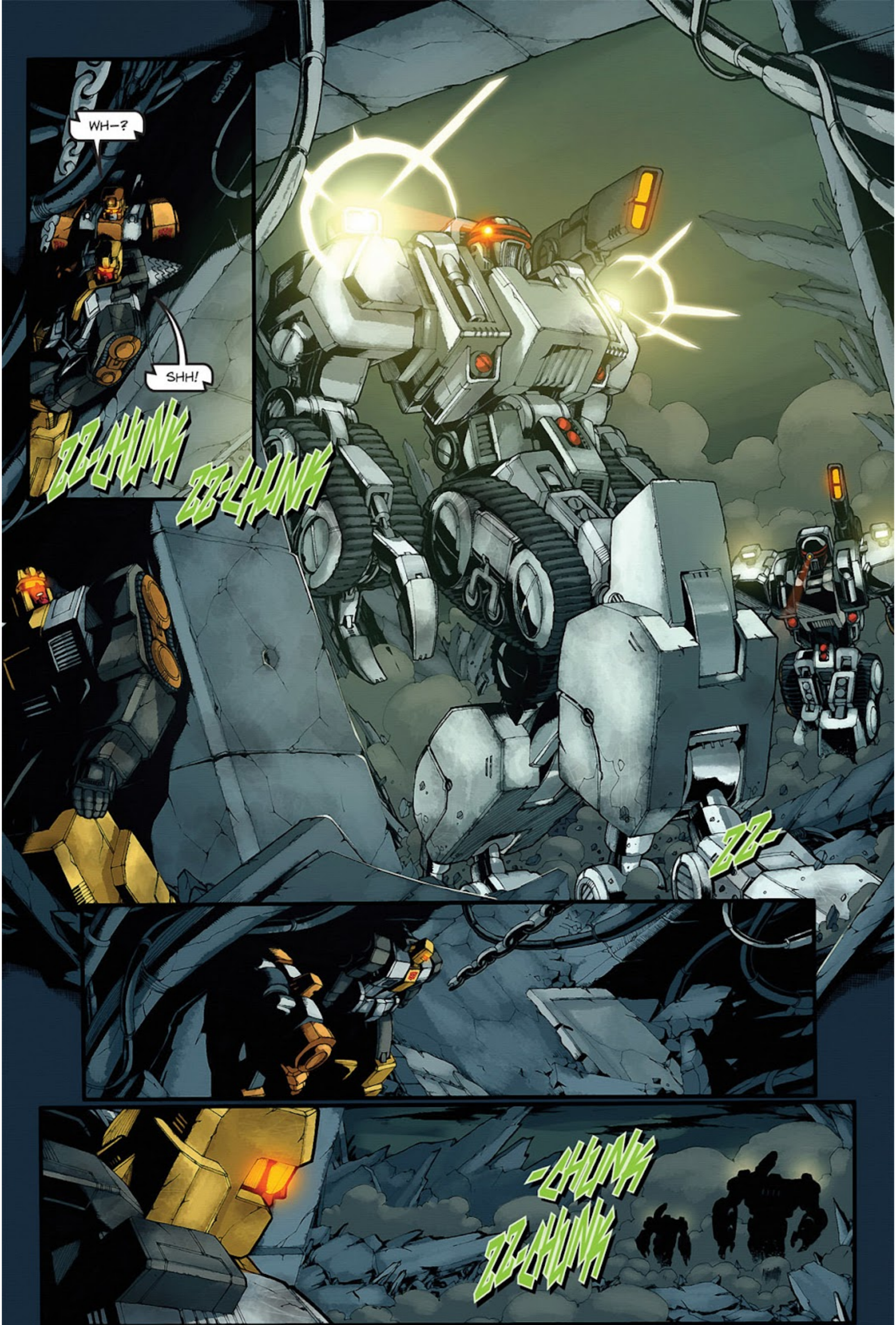


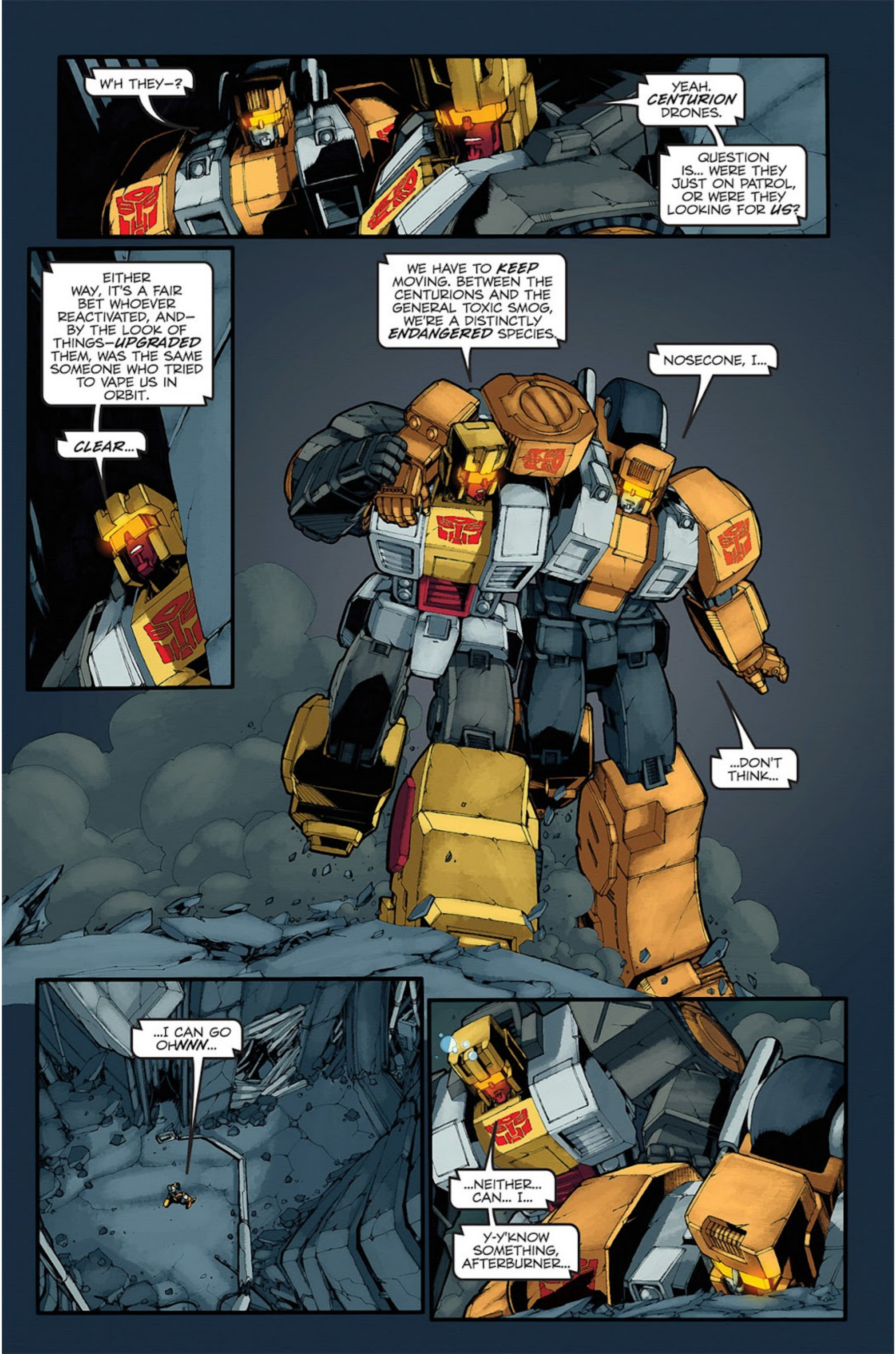
OPTIMUS PRIME?
AH. UM... DOGFIGHT, ISN'T IT?
YES, SIR! I, AH, JUST WANTED TO SAY WHAT AN HONOR IT IS TO SERVE ALONGSIDE YOU ON THIS MISSION.
I'M VERY EXCITED BY THE OPPORTUNITY.
EXCITED?
LET US HOPE... DOGFIGHT... THAT WHEN, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THIS IS ALL OVER...
...THAT SENTIMENT PREVAILS.


CYBERTRON:
EVERYTHING... HURTS. HARD TO THINK...
...TO MOVE...
AFTERBURNER? **AFTERBURNER?** C'MON... GET **UP!**
WH-? UH...
I KNOW. COSMIC RADIATION LEVELS ARE OFF THE SCALE. **LIGHTSPEED** AND THE OTHERS HAD SHIELDING... WE **DON'T.**
THAT'S WHY WE **HAVE** TO FIND SHELTER. IF WE STAY OUT HERE, **WE DIE.**
TH-THOUGHT WE WERE... ALREADY DEAD...
YEAH. CUT IT FINE. ONLY JUST GOT TO THE **ESCAPE POD...**
...BEFORE THE CALIBI-YAU WAS **VAPORIZED**



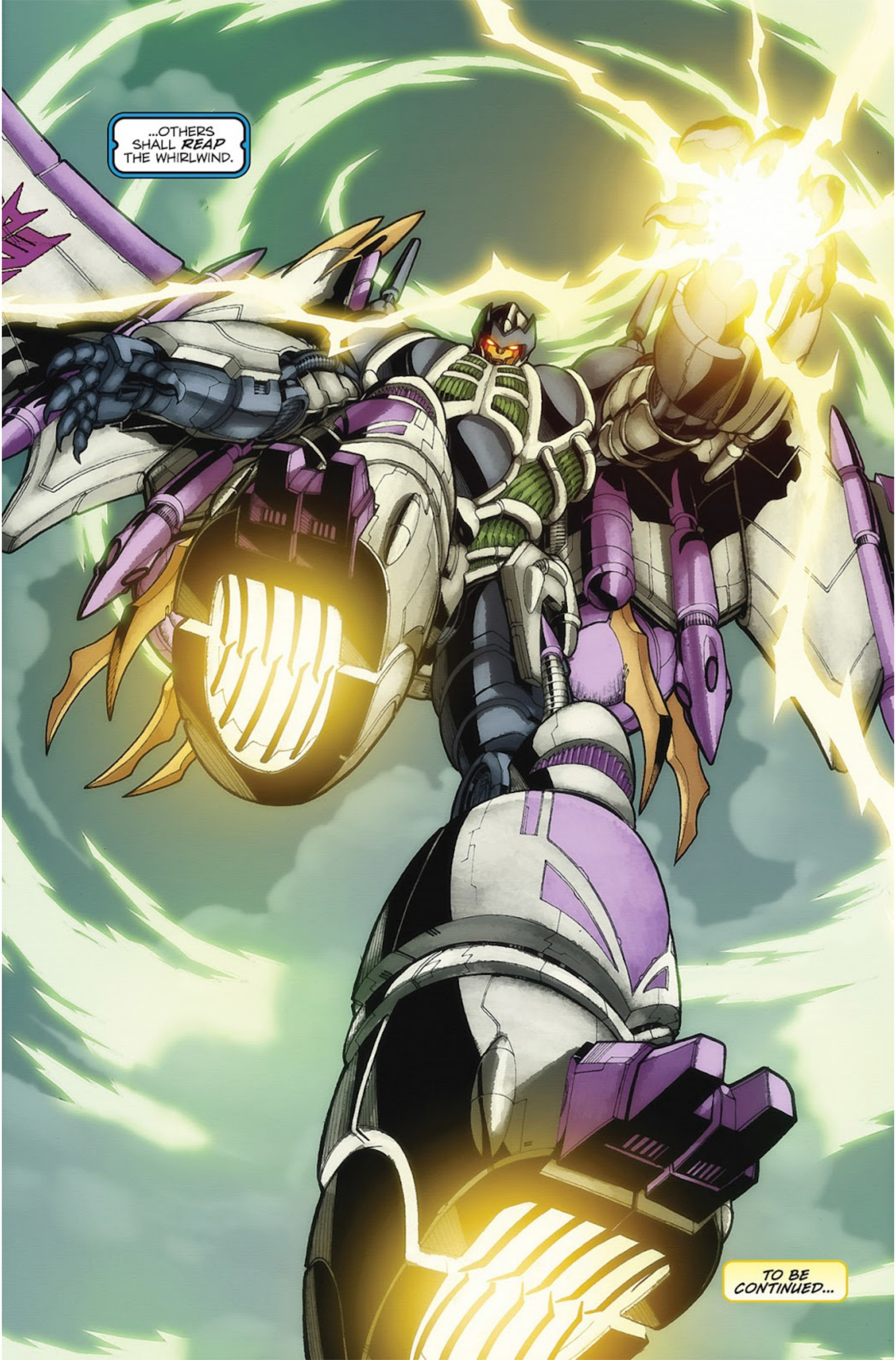
AS IT WAS, THE BLAST TOOK OUT THE POD'S GYRO-GUIDANCE THRUSTERS. MUST'VE FALLEN LIKE A—
KRRMM
WZAT?
NOTHING.
C'MON... IF WE'RE WHERE I THINK WE ARE, THERE'S A STORAGE BUNKER BY THE LATERAL ZONE PERIMETER. IT SHOULD–
ZZ-CHUNK
ZZ-CHUNK
MOVE!


WH–?
SHH!
ZZ-CHUNK
ZZ-CHUNK
ZZ-
-CHUNK
ZZ-CHUNK


W'H THEY—?
YEAH. CENTURION DRONES.
QUESTION IS... WERE THEY JUST ON PATROL, OR WERE THEY LOOKING FOR US?
EITHER WAY, IT'S A FAIR BET WHOEVER REACTIVATED, AND—BY THE LOOK OF THINGS—UPGRADED THEM, WAS THE SAME SOMEONE WHO TRIED TO VAPE US IN ORBIT.
CLEAR...
WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING. BETWEEN THE CENTURIONS AND THE GENERAL TOXIC SMOG, WE'RE A DISTINCTLY ENDANGERED SPECIES.
NOSECONE, I...
...DON'T THINK...
...I CAN GO OHWNN...
...NEITHER... CAN... I...
Y-Y'KNOW SOMETHING, AFTERBURNER...


ZZ-CHUNK
ZZ-CHUNK
OHHH...
...FRAG!
NEBULOS:
"RUCKUS?"


DECEPTICON INFILTRATION UNIT:
WHATEVER IT IS, DARKWING, IT'S CLOSING FAST.
NEBULAN?
NEGATIVE. TOO BIG, TOO SOPHISTICATED. IT EMERGED THROUGH A FOLDSPACE TRANSITION, SO IT MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF INTERSTELLAR DRIVE.
SHOULD HAVE VISUAL ANY MOMENT NOW...
WE SAW THE SIGNS, THE PORTENTS—THE DARK CLOUDS GATHERING ON OUR HORIZONS, AND YET WE AVERTED OUR EYES, PRETENDED IT WASN'T COMING.
AND IN DOING SO WE UNLEASHED A STORM OF EVEN GREATER MAGNITUDE, ONE THAT SO VERY NEARLY DESTROYED US ALL.
AND NOW, IT SEEMS...


...OTHERS SHALL REAP THE WHIRLWIND.
TO BE CONTINUED...


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STORMBRINGER


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STORMBRINGER

The Transformers: Stormbringer #3

Having successfully reanimated the living weapon known as THUNDERWING, BLUDGEON and his rogue DECEPTICONS turn their attention to the captive JETFIRE, unaware that a distress call from TECHNOBOTS NOSECONE and AFTERBURNER has reached OPTIMUS PRIME. It's now a race against time, with BLUDGEON loose on NEBULOS and NOSECONE and AFTERBURNER at the mercy of Bludgeon's mindless Centurion drones...



Story by Simon Furman
Art by Don Figueroa
colors by Josh Burcham
letters by Sulaco Studios
edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor

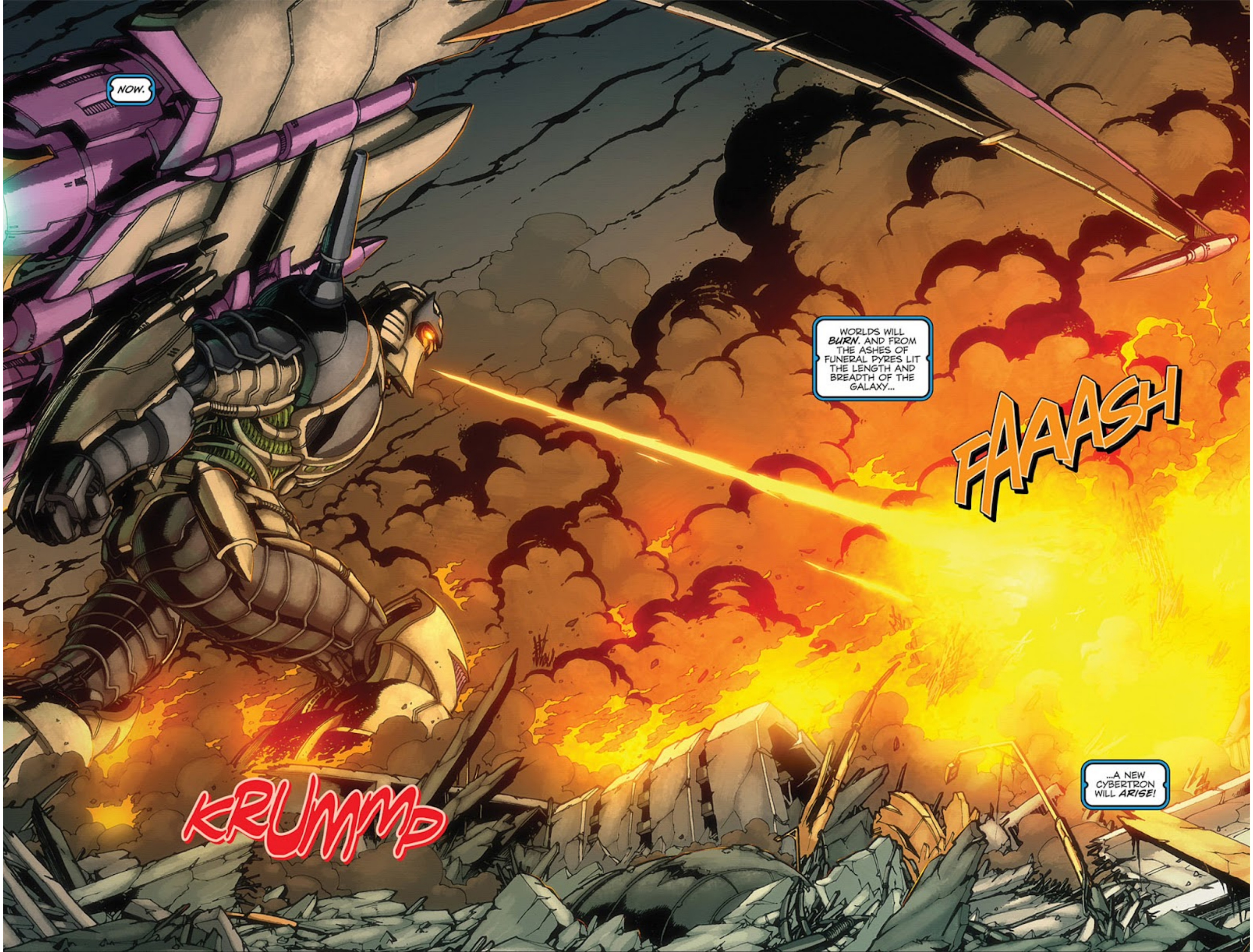
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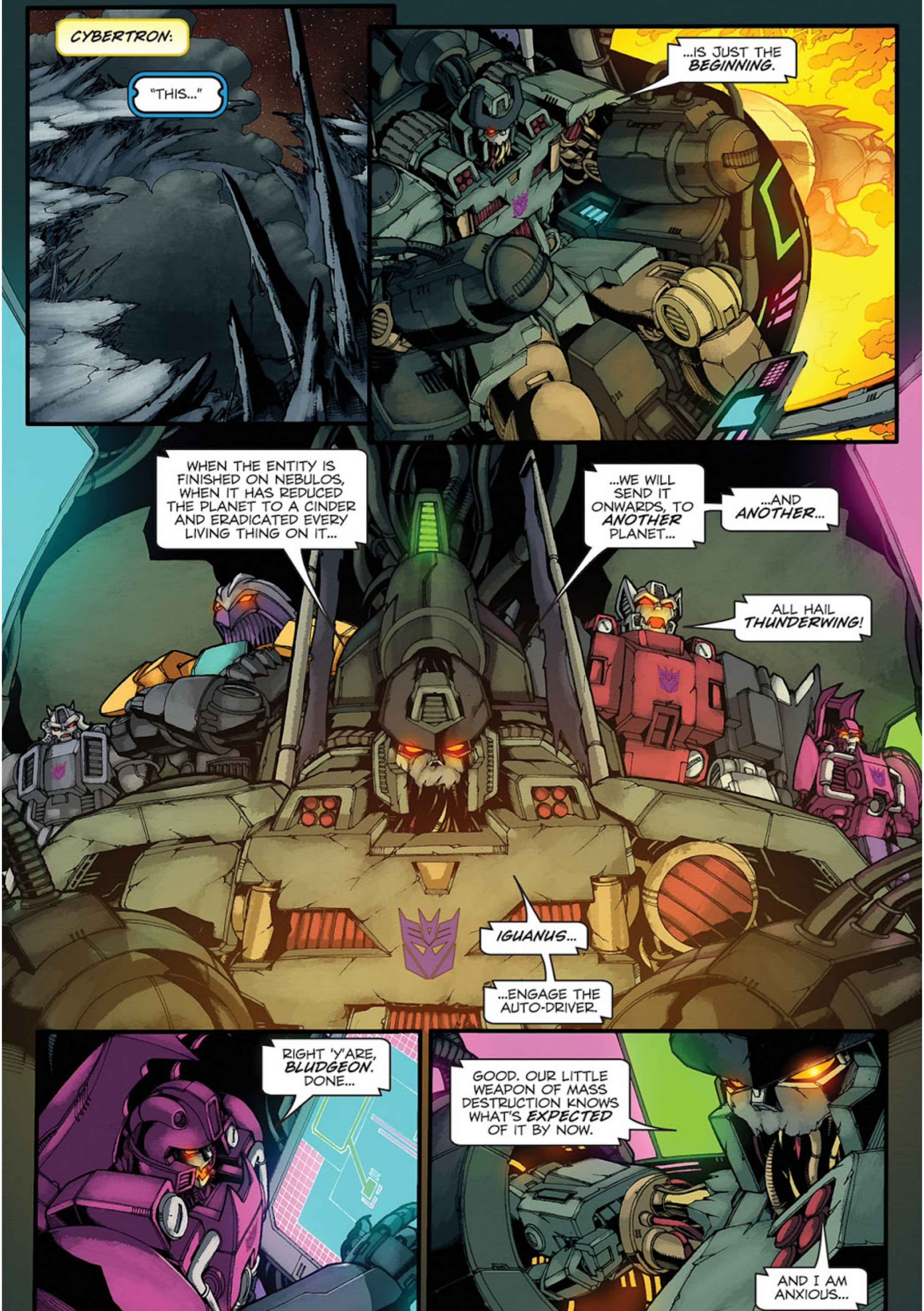
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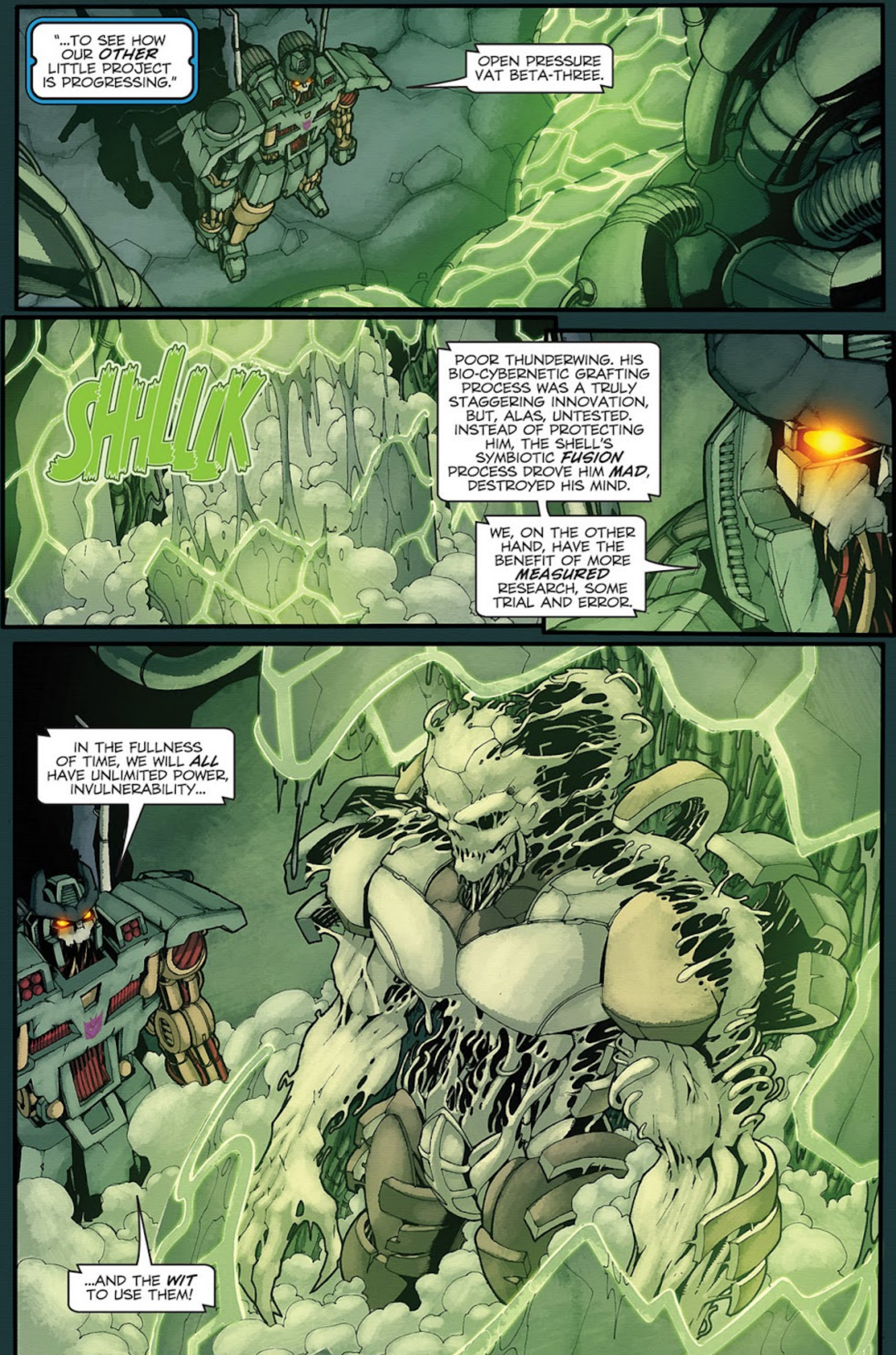
Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Elizabeth Griffin, Amie Lozanski, and Richard Zambarano for their invaluable assistance.

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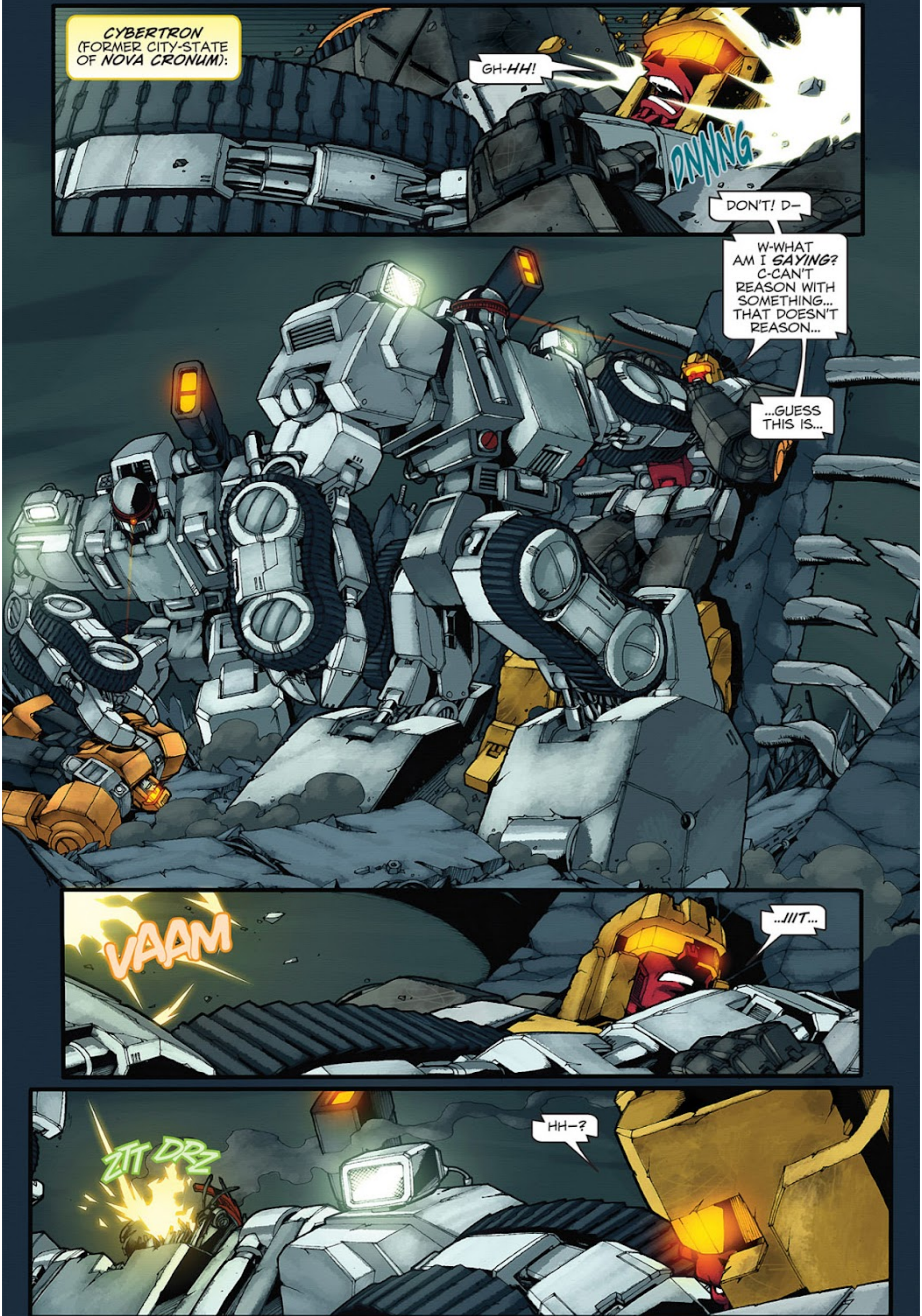

NEBULOS:
IT IS A CLEANSING, PURIFYING FIRE, A TORRID TEMPEST, SWEEPING AWAY THE PETRIFIED REMEMBRANCE OF SINS PAST.
A SWORD, FORGED FROM PURE ANARCHY AND BEDLAM, TO SCRIBE BLOODY TRIBUTE TO ANGRY POWERS-THAT-BE.
JUDGMENT. NEMESIS. ARMAGEDDON.
APOCALYPSE.


NOW.
WORLDS WILL BURN. AND FROM THE ASHES OF FUNERAL PYRES LIT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE GALAXY...
FAAASH
KRUMMP
...A NEW CYBERTRON WILL ARISE!


CYBERTRON:
"THIS..."
...IS JUST THE BEGINNING.
WHEN THE ENTITY IS FINISHED ON NEBULOS, WHEN IT HAS REDUCED THE PLANET TO A CINDER AND ERADICATED EVERY LIVING THING ON IT...
...WE WILL SEND IT ONWARDS, TO ANOTHER PLANET...
...AND ANOTHER...
ALL HAIL THUNDERWING!
IGUANUS...
...ENGAGE THE AUTO-DRIVER.
RIGHT 'Y'ARE, BLUDGEON. DONE...
GOOD. OUR LITTLE WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION KNOWS WHAT'S EXPECTED OF IT BY NOW.
AND I AM ANXIOUS...



"...TO SEE HOW OUR OTHER LITTLE PROJECT IS PROGRESSING."
OPEN PRESSURE VAT BETA-THREE.
SHHLLLK
POOR THUNDERWING. HIS BIO-CYBERNETIC GRAFTING PROCESS WAS A TRULY STAGGERING INNOVATION, BUT, ALAS, UNTESTED. INSTEAD OF PROTECTING HIM, THE SHELL'S SYMBIOTIC FUSION PROCESS DROVE HIM MAD, DESTROYED HIS MIND.
WE, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE THE BENEFIT OF MORE MEASURED RESEARCH, SOME TRIAL AND ERROR.
IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME, WE WILL ALL HAVE UNLIMITED POWER, INVULNERABILITY...
...AND THE WIT TO USE THEM!

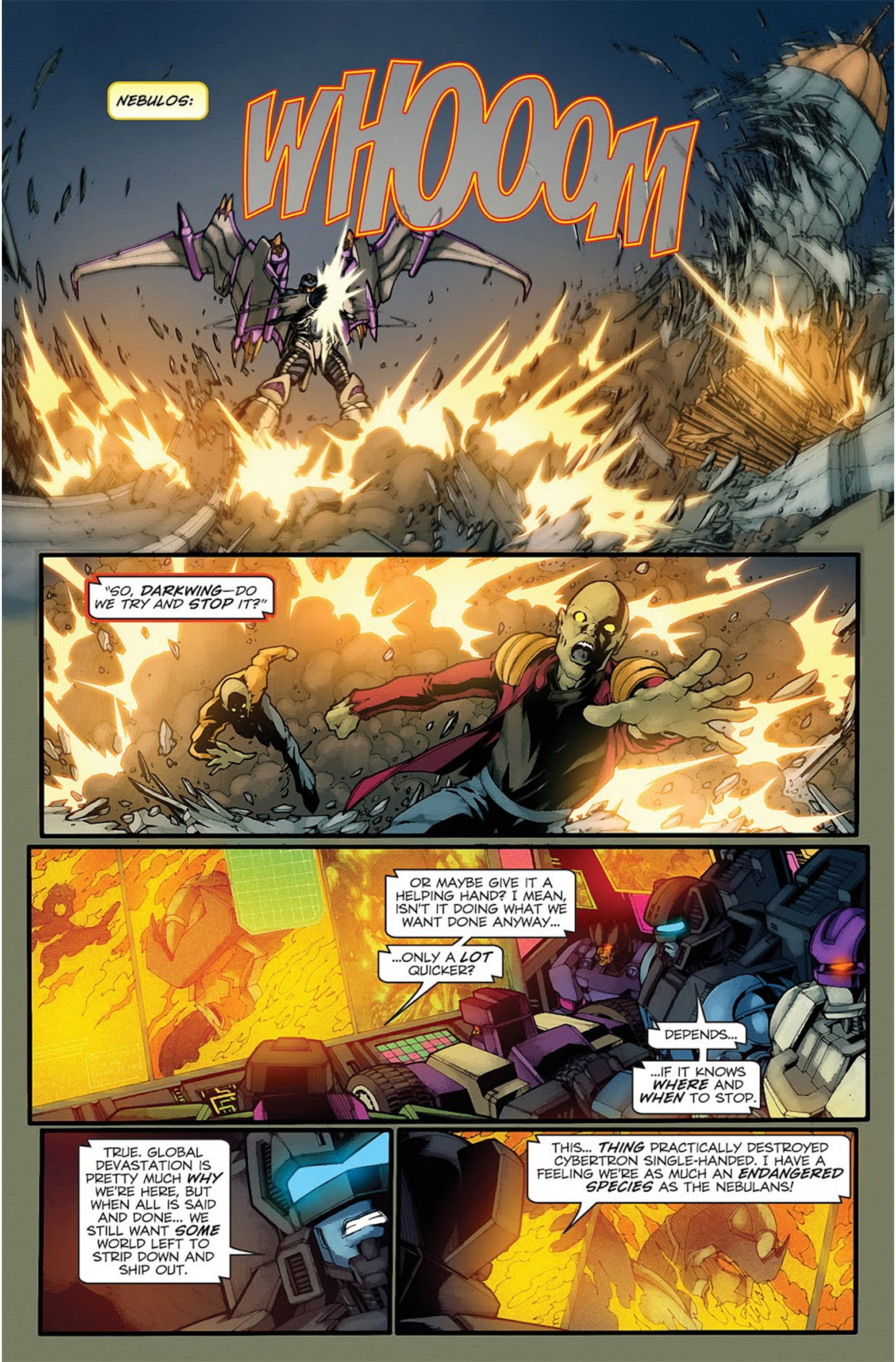

CYBERTRON (FORMER CITY-STATE OF NOVA CRONUM):
GH-HH!
DNNNG
DON'T! D–
W-WHAT AM I SAYING? C-CAN'T REASON WITH SOMETHING... THAT DOESN'T REASON...
...GUESS THIS IS...
VAAM
...IIIT...
ZTT DRZ
HH–?

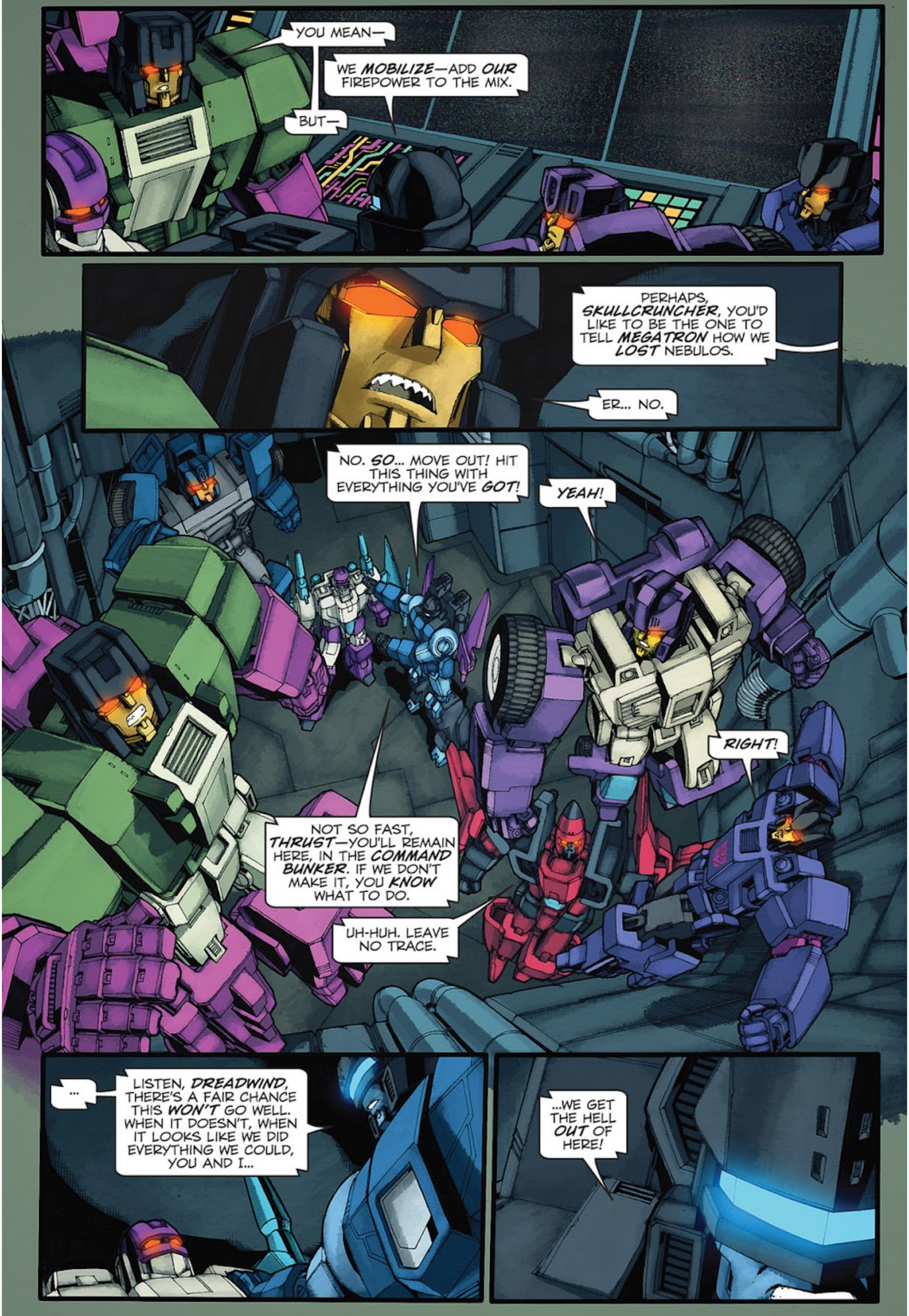

PTUM
ZOW
ZZNG
HOSTILES ARE DOWN.
TOPSPIN— STATUS?
LIFESIGNS ARE ERRATIC, ROADBUSTER. WE'LL NEED TO STABILIZE.
SYSTEM SHUT DOWN IMMINENT
NOT HERE. AREA'S TOO HOT. WHIRL— PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY EVAC.
SET...
F–



NOSECONE?
NOSECONE!
SYSTEMS RESTORED
EXTERNAL RADIATION CLAMPS DETECTED
WH-*UH*? TOP... SPIN? TH—
—THEN... OUR MESSAGE GOT THROUGH?
BIG TIME!
MADE *EVERYONE* SIT UP AND PAY ATTENTION, I CAN TELL YOU!
SO-SO I *SEE*...
AFTERBURNER?


TOOK A BIGGER HIT OF COSMIC RADIATION THAN YOU DID—HE'LL BE OUT FOR A WHILE LONGER. LUCKY WE ARRIVED WHEN WE DID...
...WHOEVER REBOOTED THOSE OLD CENTURION DRONES WASN'T TAKING PRISONERS.
WHERE... ARE WE?
OLD BORDER FORTIFICATION EAST OF THUNDERHEAD PASS, SUB-LEVEL. WE'RE GOING IN!
JUST ANOTHER FEW CYCLES, PRIME.
WE'RE COMING IN AT AN OBLIQUE ANGLE, TO AVOID THEIR SENSOR FILAMENTS. TAKES LONGER, BUT WE'LL BE RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM BEFORE THEY KNOW IT!
UNDERSTOOD, SPRINGER. CARRY ON...
THEN YOU'VE FOUND THEM, JETFIRE AND THE OTHERS?
WE'VE GOT A LOCATIONAL FIX ON SOME KIND OF SUB-SURFACE COMPLEX. WHAT—OR WHO—WE'LL FIND DOWN THERE IS ANYONE'S GUESS.
I-I'M COMING WITH YOU. I-EHH...
UH-UH. LEAVE THIS...
...TO THE PROFESSIONALS.


NEBULOS:
WHOOOM
"SO, DARKWING—DO WE TRY AND STOP IT?"
OR MAYBE GIVE IT A HELPING HAND? I MEAN, ISN'T IT DOING WHAT WE WANT DONE ANYWAY...
...ONLY A LOT QUICKER?
DEPENDS...
...IF IT KNOWS WHERE AND WHEN TO STOP.
TRUE. GLOBAL DEVASTATION IS PRETTY MUCH WHY WE'RE HERE, BUT WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE... WE STILL WANT SOME WORLD LEFT TO STRIP DOWN AND SHIP OUT.
THIS... THING PRACTICALLY DESTROYED CYBERTRON SINGLE-HANDED. I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE AS MUCH AN ENDANGERED SPECIES AS THE NEBULANS!

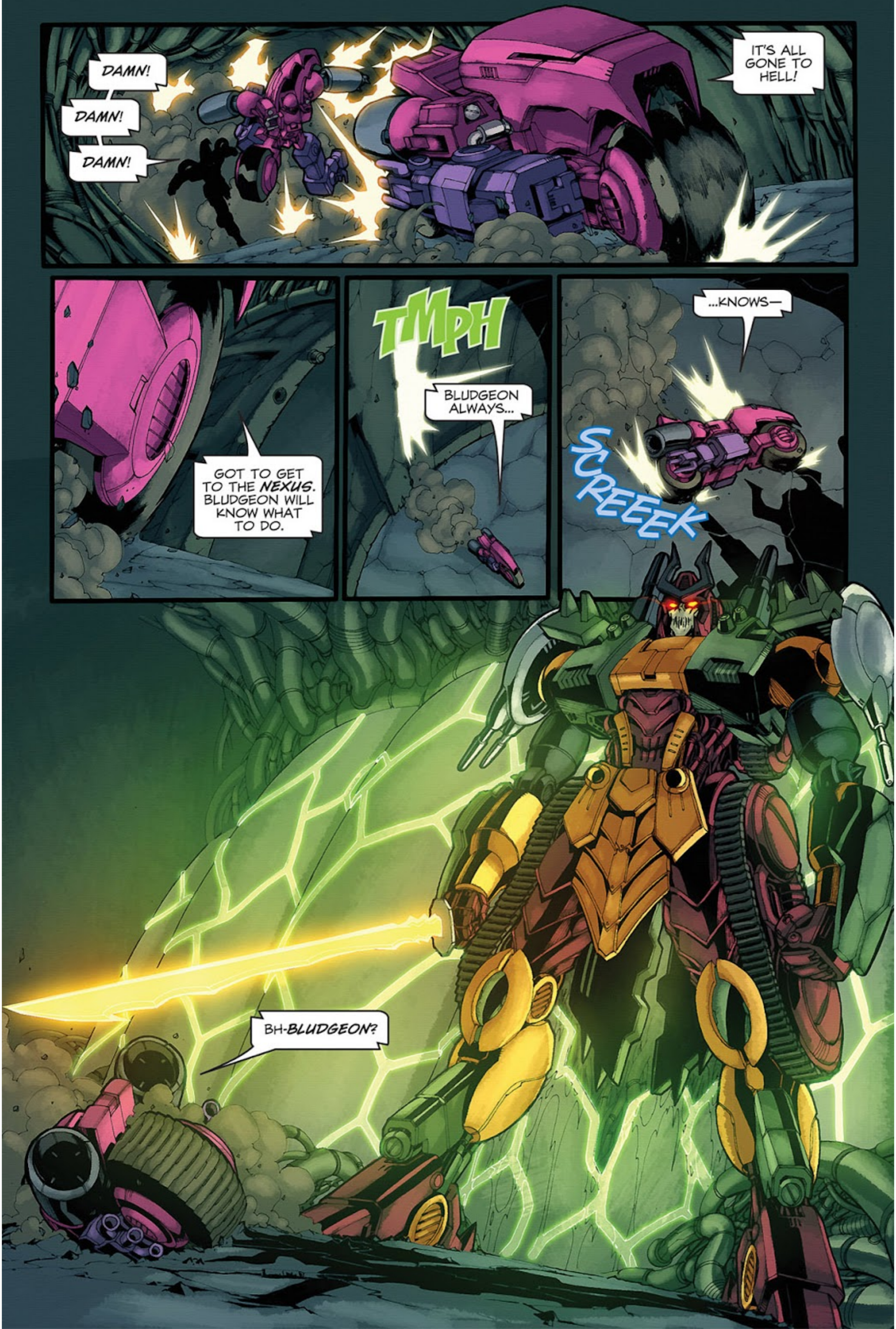

YOU MEAN—
WE MOBILIZE—ADD OUR FIREPOWER TO THE MIX.
BUT—
PERHAPS, SKULLCRUNCHER, YOU'D LIKE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL MEGATRON HOW WE LOST NEBULOS.
ER... NO.
NO. SO... MOVE OUT! HIT THIS THING WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!
YEAH!
RIGHT!
NOT SO FAST, THRUST—YOU'LL REMAIN HERE, IN THE COMMAND BUNKER. IF WE DON'T MAKE IT, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
UH-HUH. LEAVE NO TRACE.
...
LISTEN, DREADWIND, THERE'S A FAIR CHANCE THIS WON'T GO WELL. WHEN IT DOESN'T, WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE WE DID EVERYTHING WE COULD, YOU AND I...
...WE GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

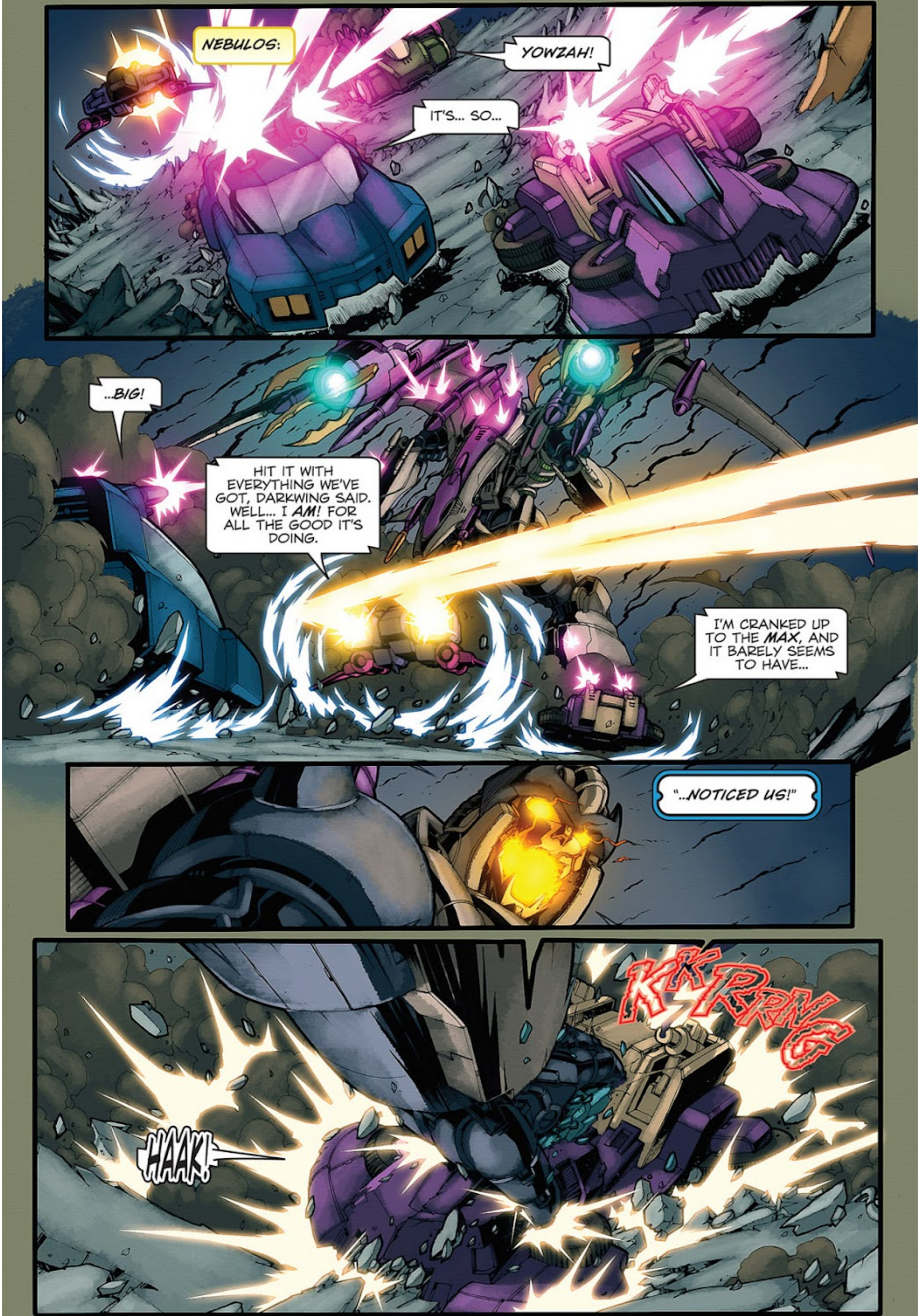

CYBERTRON:
SCOOP—WE'VE REACHED THE BUFFER ZONE. LET SPRINGER KNOW, HUH?
WILL DO.
SPRINGER— WE'RE ABOUT DONE TUNNELIN'. YOU'RE UP.
'BOUT TIME, TOO. WRECKERS—
—LET'S GO COUNT HEADS!
SUPPOSE THERE'S NO POINT IN ASKING YOU TO STAY UP HERE, OUT OF THE FIRING LINE.
NO.


ZRR-
THRK-
KRK
WH—?
NO!
TAKE 'EM OUT, WRECKERS, HARD AND FAST. SAVE THE I.D.'S...
...FOR THE BODY BAGS!

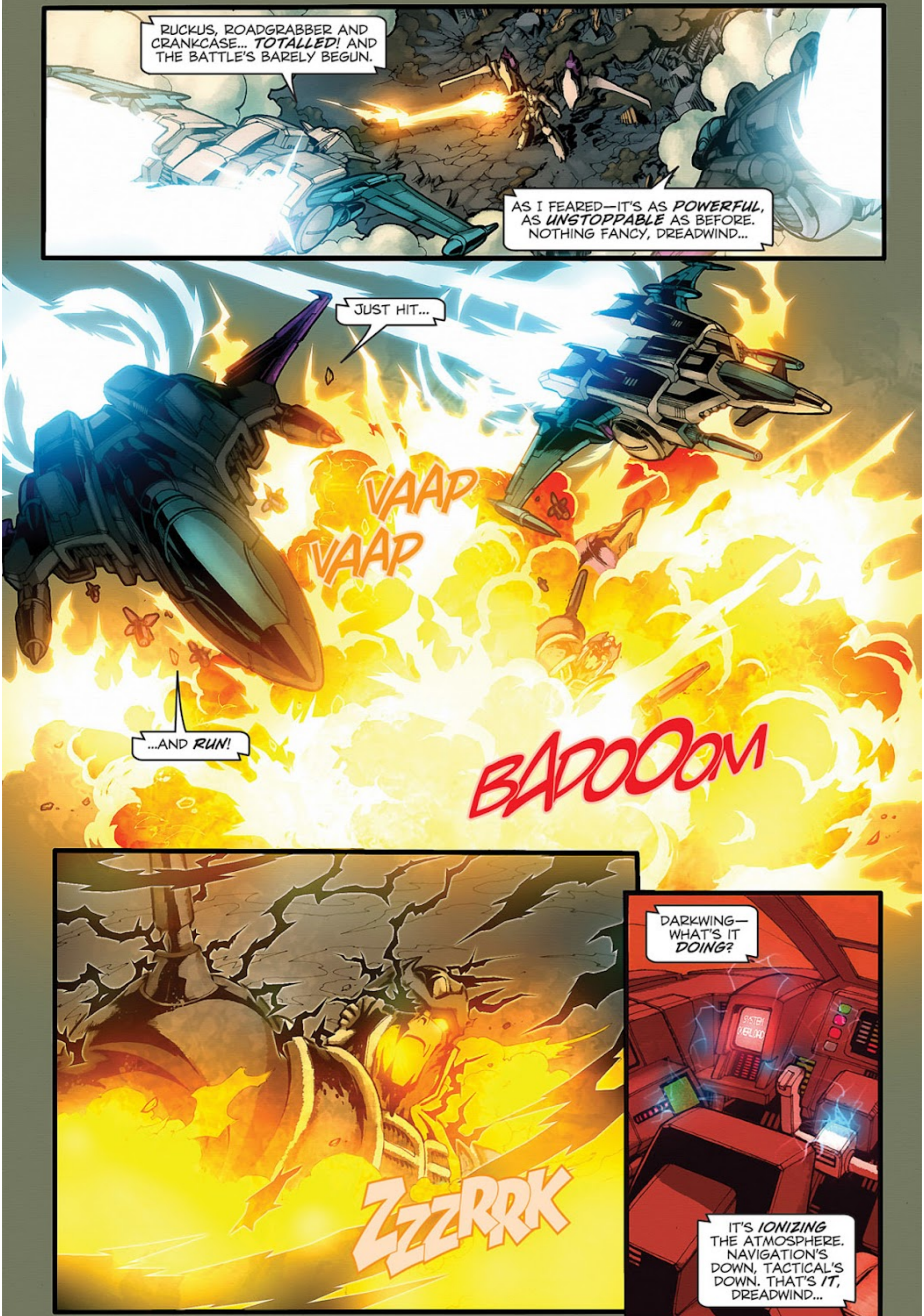


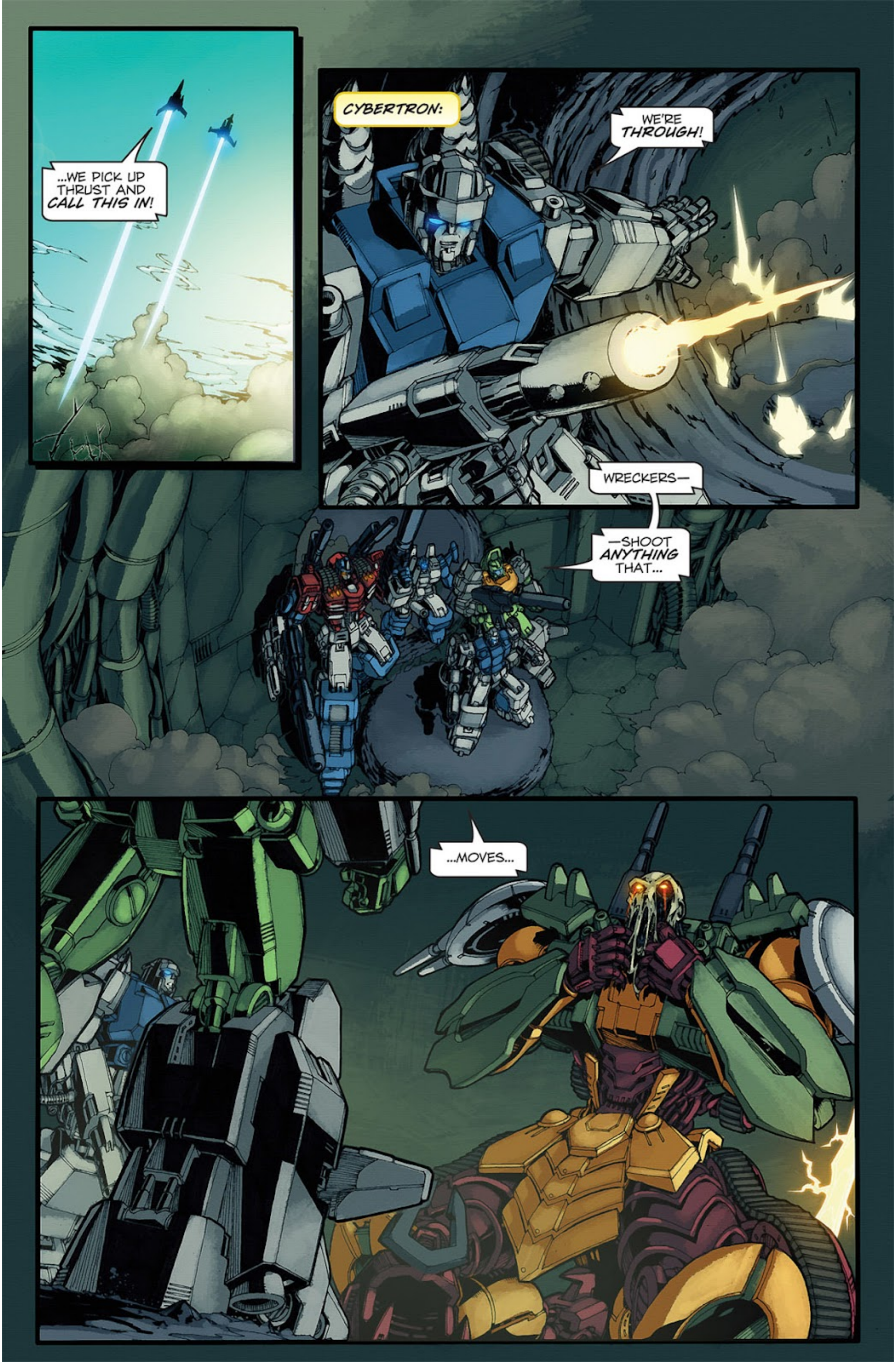
PUM
PUM
PUM
PUM
BOMB-BURST!
I SEE, I SEE!
BLUDGEON! WE'RE—
HGH!
BADOOOOM
SKULLGRIN—MOVE! BEFORE—
VASHIT


DAMN!
DAMN!
DAMN!
IT'S ALL GONE TO HELL!
GOT TO GET TO THE NEXUS. BLUDGEON WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO.
TMPH
BLUDGEON ALWAYS...
...KNOWS—
SCREEEK
BH-BLUDGEON?


NEBULOS:
YOWZAH!
IT'S... SO...
..BIG!
HIT IT WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT, DARKWING SAID. WELL... I AM! FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'S DOING.
I'M CRANKED UP TO THE MAX, AND IT BARELY SEEMS TO HAVE...
"..NOTICED US!"
KKRANG
HAAK!


RUCKU—
—SSSHT!
SPOW
CHSKT
RIGHT.
NO WAY AROUND YOU, SO... I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO THR—
—UUNGH!
DUNT

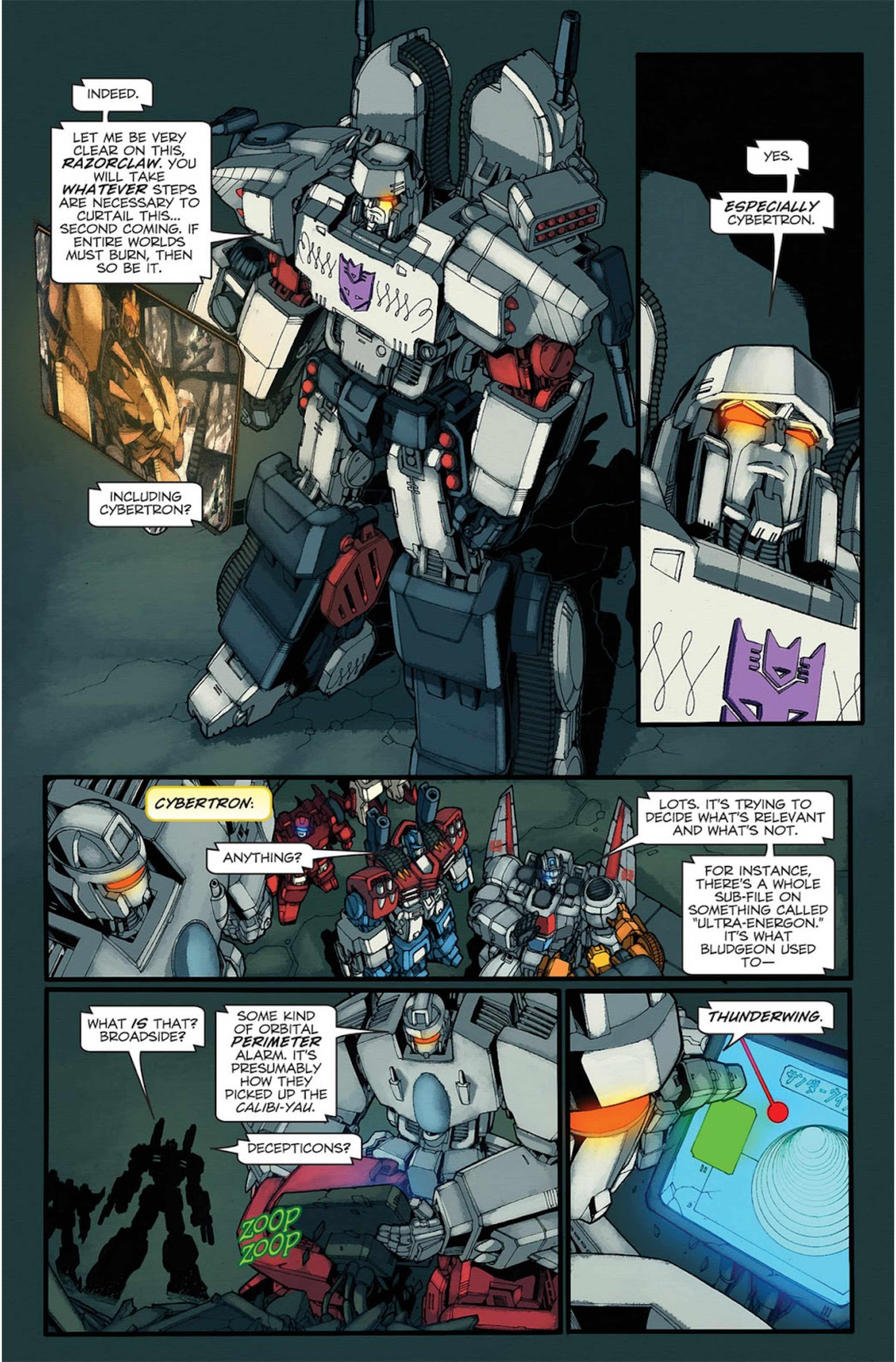

RUCKUS, ROADGRABBER AND CRANKCASE... TOTALLED! AND THE BATTLE'S BARELY BEGUN.
AS I FEARED—IT'S AS POWERFUL, AS UNSTOPPABLE AS BEFORE. NOTHING FANCY, DREADWIND...
JUST HIT...
VAAP
VAAP
...AND RUN!
BADOOOM
ZZZRRK
DARKWING—WHAT'S IT DOING?
SYSTEM OVERLOAD
IT'S IONIZING THE ATMOSPHERE. NAVIGATION'S DOWN, TACTICAL'S DOWN. THAT'S IT, DREADWIND...


...WE PICK UP THRUST AND CALL THIS IN!
CYBERTRON:
WE'RE THROUGH!
WRECKERS—
—SHOOT ANYTHING THAT...
...MOVES...



WHAT THE FRAG—?
WAS...
...TOO SOON...
TOO—? POLYDERMAL GRAFTING. THUNDERWING'S OUTLAWED EXPERIMENTS...
Y-YES... KKH... THE EXO-SHELL HADN'T BEEN NEURO-ALIGNED. PSYCHIC BACKLASH, BLUDGEON'S MIND...
...COULDN'T...
LOCKED IN A PRISON OF HIS OWN MAKING. ONE CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL...
...HE GOT OFF LIGHTLY.
JETFIRE?
PRIME—SHUT IT DOWN! THE AXIS CRADLE... SHUT IT DOWN NOW!
AXIS CRADLE?


THAT...
OH. WELL...
...WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY?
VUUM
THEY LET IT OUT. THOSE BLINKERED, DERANGED MANIACS, THEY LET IT...
UUH...
EASY, EASY. WILL THAT BE ENOUGH, JETFIRE, TO END THIS?
I... I HOPE SO, PRIME. BECAUSE IF IT DOESN'T STOP IT...
...I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL!
EARTH:
THAT'S WHAT DARKWING SAID— THUNDERWING. NOW THAT IS A NAME I NEVER WANTED TO HEAR AGAIN!


INDEED.
LET ME BE VERY CLEAR ON THIS, RAZORCLAW. YOU WILL TAKE WHATEVER STEPS ARE NECESSARY TO CURTAIL THIS... SECOND COMING. IF ENTIRE WORLDS MUST BURN, THEN SO BE IT.
INCLUDING CYBERTRON?
YES.
ESPECIALLY CYBERTRON.
CYBERTRON:
ANYTHING?
LOTS. IT'S TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT'S RELEVANT AND WHAT'S NOT.
FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S A WHOLE SUB-FILE ON SOMETHING CALLED "ULTRA-ENERGON." IT'S WHAT BLUDGEON USED TO—
WHAT IS THAT? BROADSIDE?
SOME KIND OF ORBITAL PERIMETER ALARM. IT'S PRESUMABLY HOW THEY PICKED UP THE CALIBI-YAU.
DECEPTICONS?
ZOOP ZOOP
THUNDERWING.


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RETAILER INCENTIVE
STORMBRINGER

The Transformers: Stormbringer #4

Though BLUDGEON and his rogue cult of DECEPTICONS have been defeated, the newly re-enervated THUNDERWING remains active, returning from his devastating rampage on NEBULOS with CYBERTRON locked firmly in his sights once more. There, OPTIMUS PRIME and the WRECKERS brace for impact, unaware that MEGATRON has his own doomsday scenario in the works, and the clock is running...



Story by Simon Furman
Art by Don Figueroa
colors by Josh Burcham
letters by Sulaco Studios
edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor

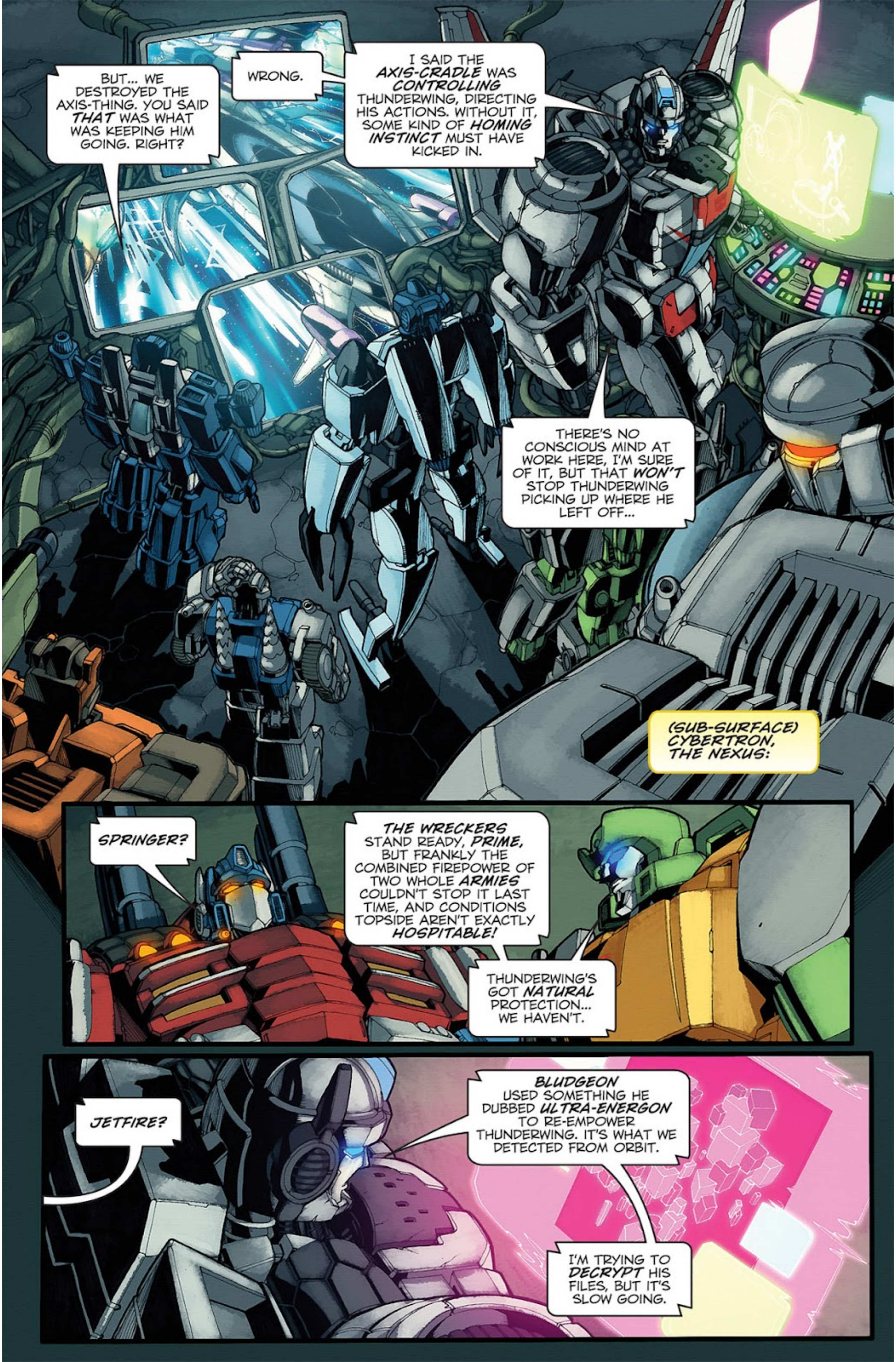
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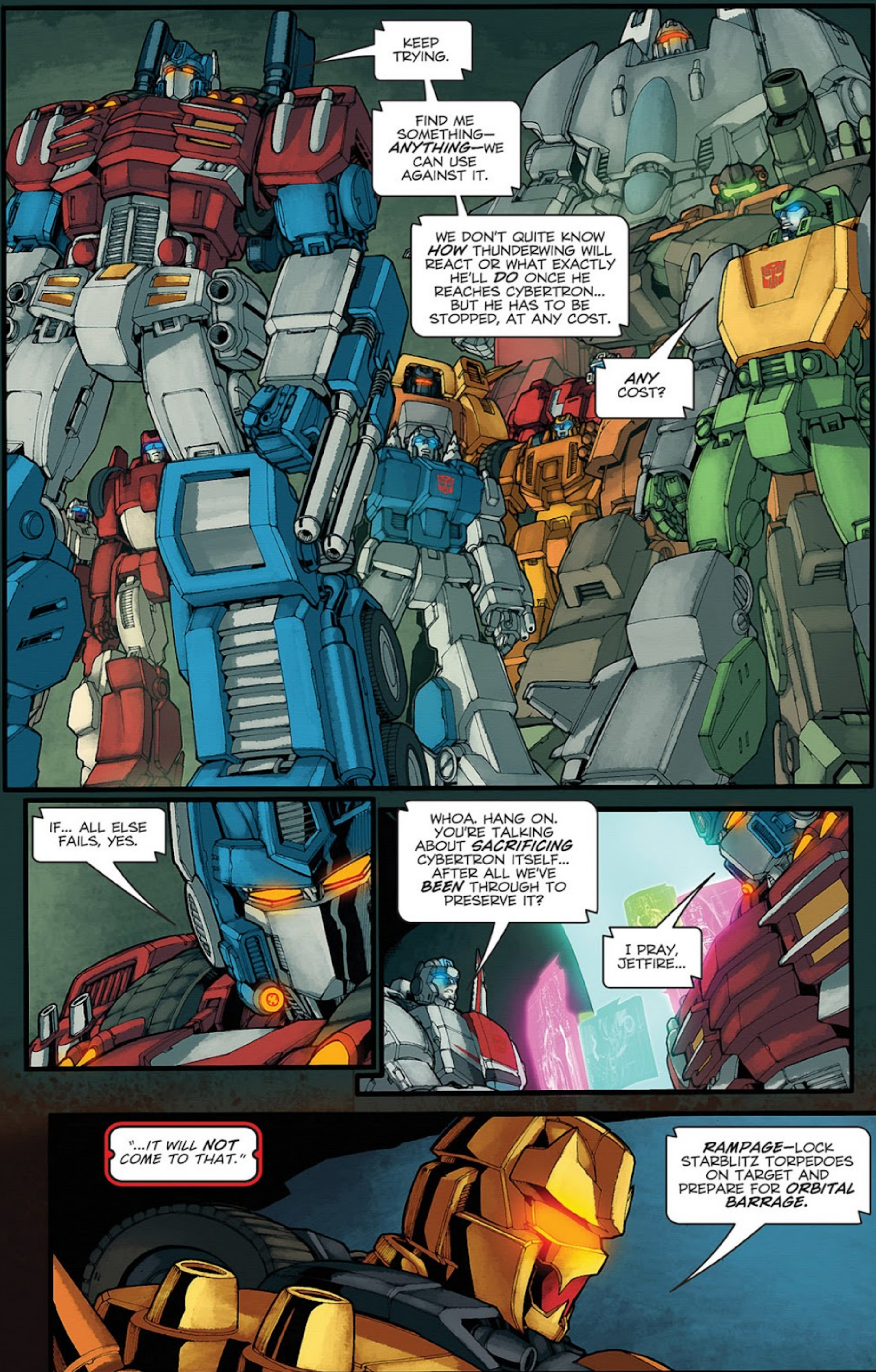
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THIS IS HOW IT *ENDS.*
IN THUNDER AND SPITTING LIGHTNING, IN A STORM-LASHED ONSLAUGHT—OUR PAST TRANSGRESSIONS AND BLINKERED INEQUITIES *REVISITED* IN PURGING FIRE AND ROARING FURY.
FATE-CRUSHING, INEXORABLE—CANNOT, WILL *NOT*...
...BE HELD AT BAY INDEFINITELY!
"IT'S *THUNDERWING...* HE'S COMING *BACK!*"


BUT... WE DESTROYED THE AXIS-THING. YOU SAID THAT WAS WHAT WAS KEEPING HIM GOING. RIGHT?
WRONG.
I SAID THE AXIS-CRADLE WAS CONTROLLING THUNDERWING, DIRECTING HIS ACTIONS. WITHOUT IT, SOME KIND OF HOMING INSTINCT MUST HAVE KICKED IN.
THERE'S NO CONSCIOUS MIND AT WORK HERE, I'M SURE OF IT, BUT THAT WON'T STOP THUNDERWING PICKING UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF...
(SUB-SURFACE) CYBERTRON, THE NEXUS:
SPRINGER?
THE WRECKERS STAND READY, PRIME, BUT FRANKLY THE COMBINED FIREPOWER OF TWO WHOLE ARMIES COULDN'T STOP IT LAST TIME, AND CONDITIONS TOPSIDE AREN'T EXACTLY HOSPITABLE!
THUNDERWING'S GOT NATURAL PROTECTION... WE HAVEN'T.
JETFIRE?
BLUDGEON USED SOMETHING HE DUBBED ULTRA-ENERGON TO RE-EMPOWER THUNDERWING. IT'S WHAT WE DETECTED FROM ORBIT.
I'M TRYING TO DECRYPT HIS FILES, BUT IT'S SLOW GOING.

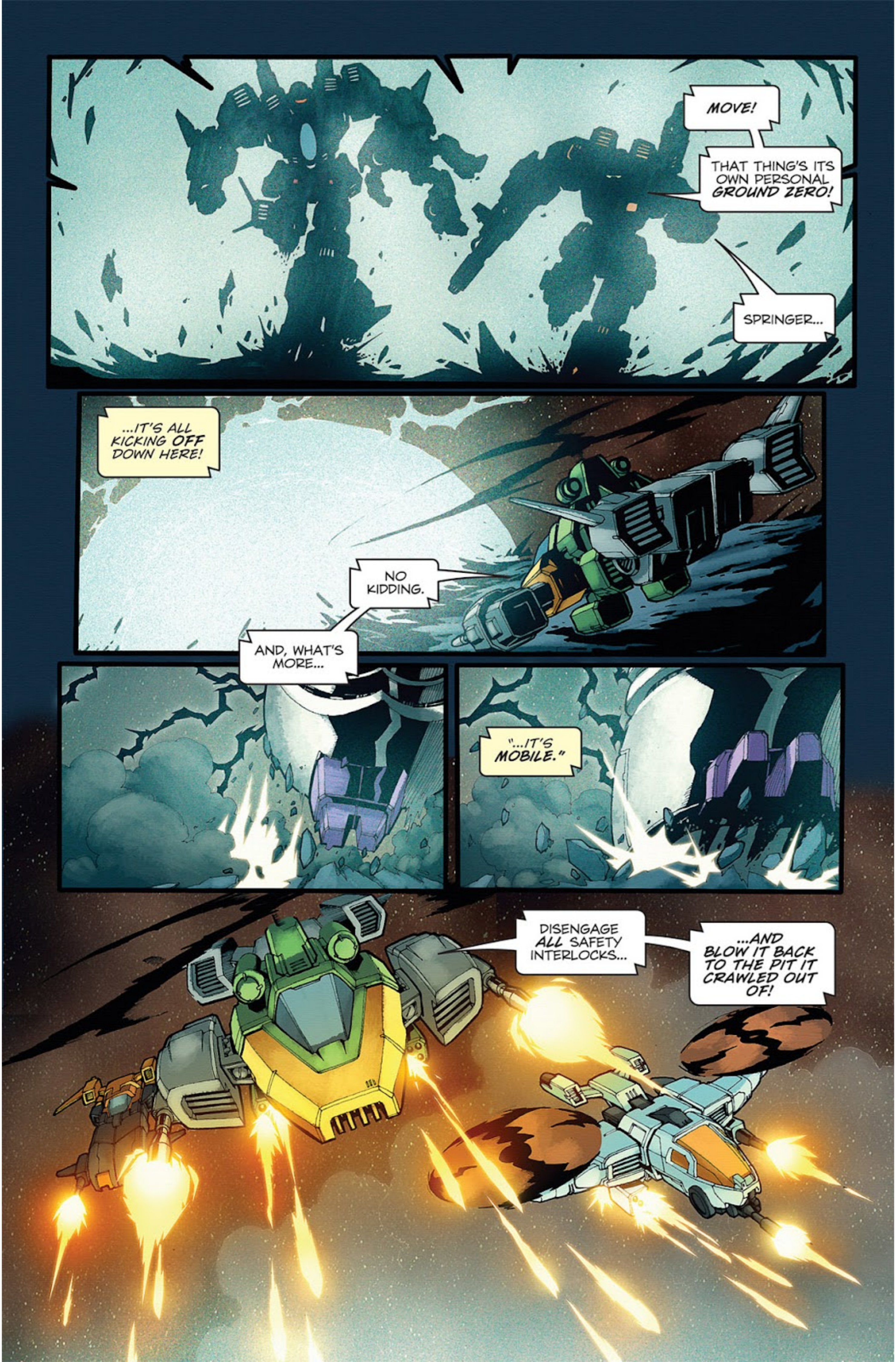

KEEP TRYING.
FIND ME SOMETHING—ANYTHING—WE CAN USE AGAINST IT.
WE DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW THUNDERWING WILL REACT OR WHAT EXACTLY HE'LL DO ONCE HE REACHES CYBERTRON... BUT HE HAS TO BE STOPPED, AT ANY COST.
ANY COST?
IF... ALL ELSE FAILS, YES.
WHOA. HANG ON. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT SACRIFICING CYBERTRON ITSELF... AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TO PRESERVE IT?
I PRAY, JETFIRE...
"...IT WILL NOT COME TO THAT."
RAMPAGE—LOCK STARBLITZ TORPEDOES ON TARGET AND PREPARE FOR ORBITAL BARRAGE.


DECEPTICON WARSHIP THANATOS:
TIMEFRAME, RAZORCLAW?
GIVE IT... ONE MEGA-CYCLE. CALL ME SENTIMENTAL, BUT REDUCING CYBERTRON TO A CINDER REMAINS A LAST RESORT.
I'M ALL FOR PAN-GALACTIC COLONIZATION, BUT, LET'S FACE IT, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.
DONE.
ABORT THRESHOLD AT FIFTY-FIVE CYCLES.
FINE. BOTTOM LINE, THOUGH, IF IT COMES DOWN TO A CHOICE BETWEEN BLITZING CYBERTRON AND DISOBEYING A DIRECT ORDER FROM MEGATRON... THE PLANET IS TOAST.
AH...
...HERE HE COMES!

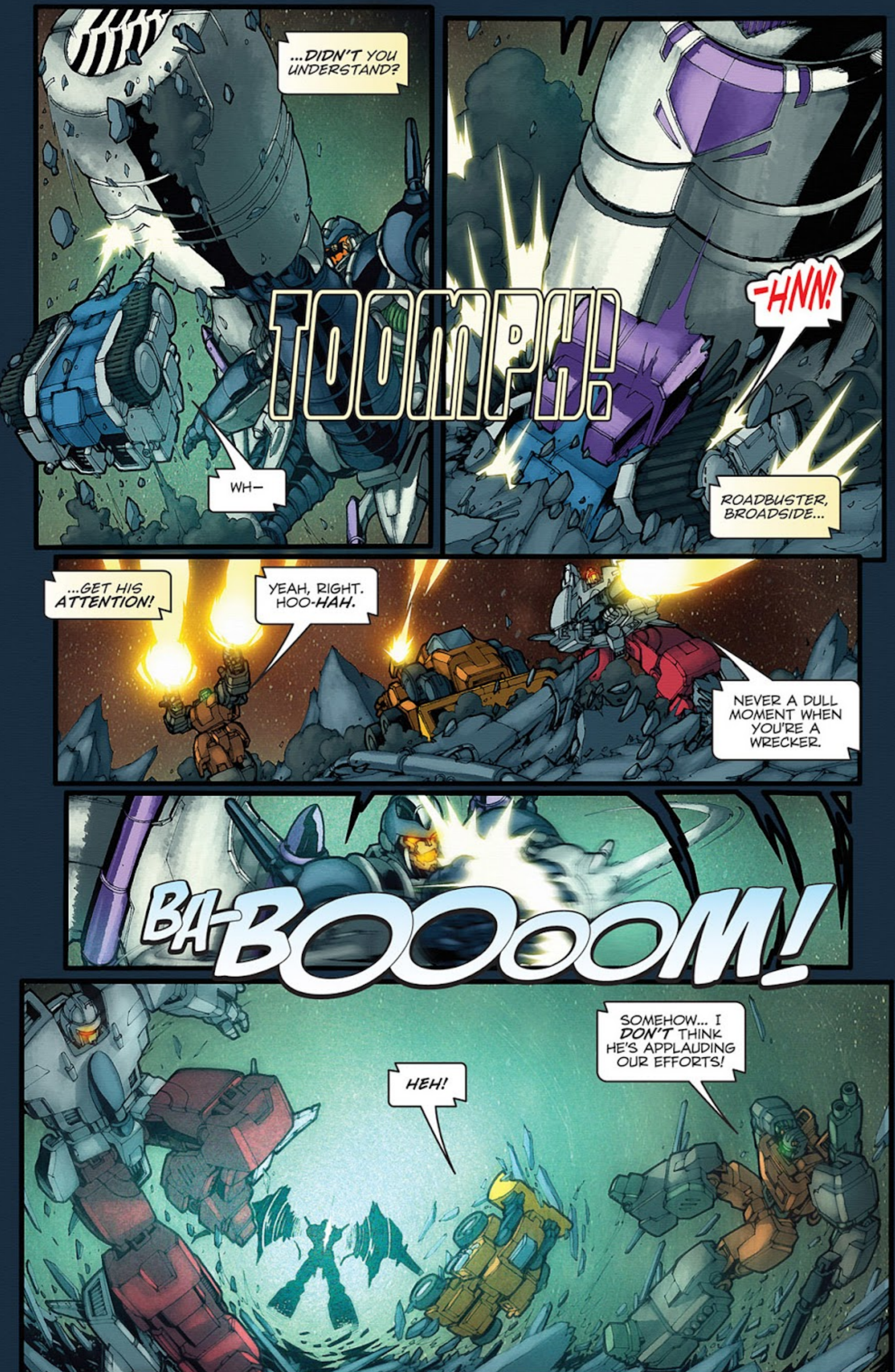

CYBERTRON IS *DYING*...
WE CAN ONLY FIND WAYS TO ***WEATHER*** THE COLLAPSE AND DO WHAT WE *CAN* TO SURVIVE.
EITHER FOLLOW MY LEAD... OR DIE IN SCREAMING TORMENT.
THUNDERWING?! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
WHAT HAVE YOU ***DONE?***


WHAT'S HE DOING?
NOTHING, SCOOP. JUST STOOD THERE.
HM. FIGURE IT'S WHAT YOU CALL THE CALM...
...BEFORE THE STORM.
...ENCASE OURSELVES IN SYMBIOTIC CARAPACES, THE BODILY TISSUE CULLED FROM LIVING SUBJECTS...
...THE NEUROSPHERE IS SPLICED TO THE NEO-CORTEX OF THE WEARER, AND...
ENOUGH!
OF ALL THE UNNATURAL...
...MISGUIDED...
...ILL-CONCEIVED...
YOUR REMIT IS DISCONTINUED...
DECOMMISSIONED...

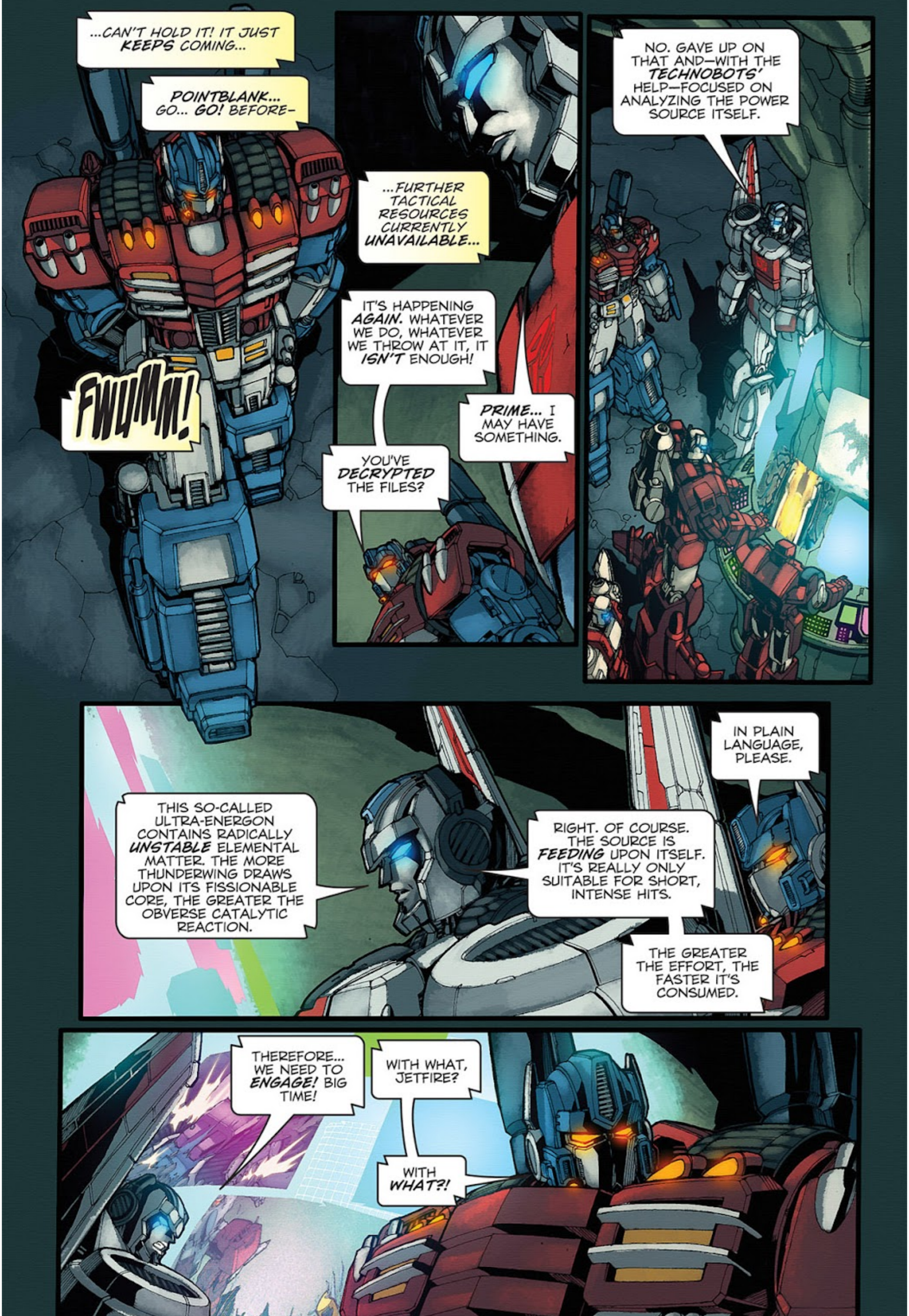

...DEFUNCT.
SKA-RAAAAAK!

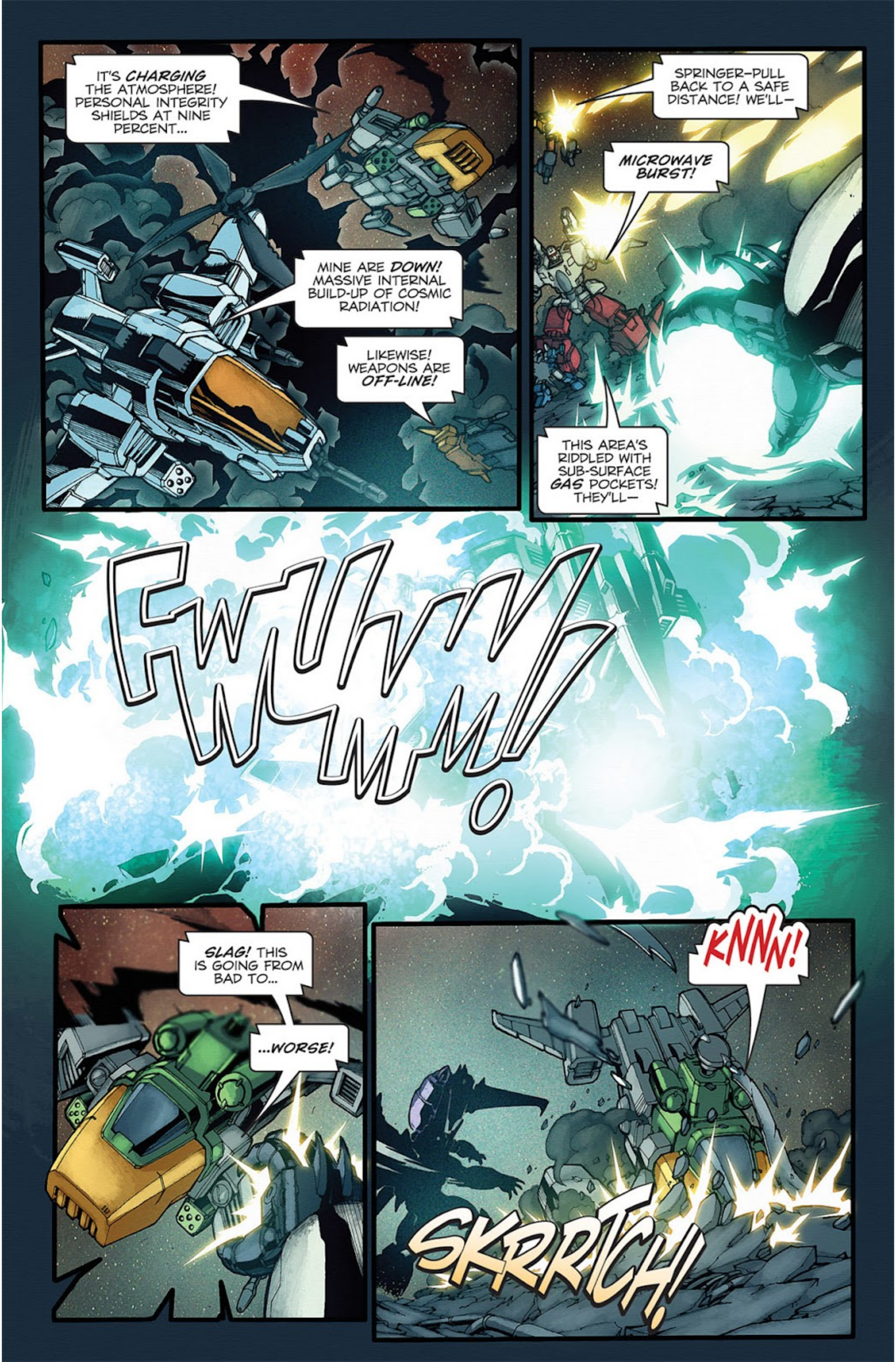

MOVE!
THAT THING'S ITS OWN PERSONAL GROUND ZERO!
SPRINGER...
...IT'S ALL KICKING OFF DOWN HERE!
NO KIDDING.
AND, WHAT'S MORE...
"...IT'S MOBILE."
DISENGAGE ALL SAFETY INTERLOCKS...
...AND BLOW IT BACK TO THE PIT IT CRAWLED OUT OF!


WHEN THEY ASK ME, "TOPSPIN, WHY'D YOU GO ONE-ON-ONE WITH THUNDERWING?" I'LL SAY...
...BECAUSE IT WAS THERE.
VRAK!
VOW!
DUMM!
ONE THING ABOUT YOU, TOPSPIN—YOU'LL NEVER GO QUIETLY. ME, I ALSO LIKE TO MAKE MY POINT...
...BUT A TOUCH MORE DIRECTLY!
ZZZRK!
TWIN TWIST, NO, DAMMIT! WHAT BIT OF HIT AND RUN...


...DIDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
TOOMPH!
WH—
-HNN!
ROADBUSTER, BROADSIDE...
...GET HIS ATTENTION!
YEAH, RIGHT. HOO-HAH.
NEVER A DULL MOMENT WHEN YOU'RE A WRECKER.
BA-BOOOOOM!
HEH!
SOMEHOW... I DON'T THINK HE'S APPLAUDING OUR EFFORTS!

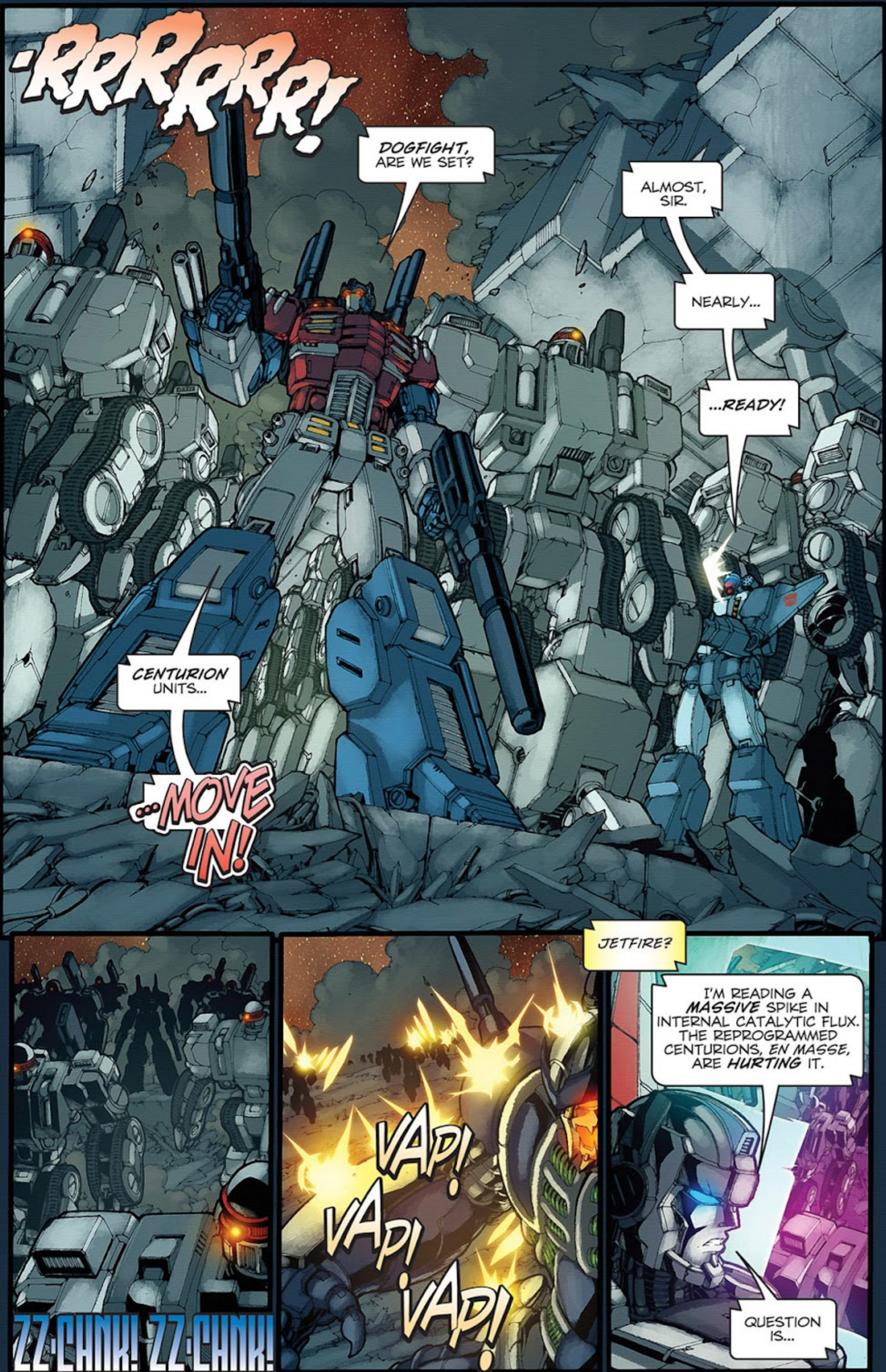

DECEPTICON WARSHIP THANATOS:
THEY'RE GIVING IT THEIR ALL.
MM.
FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'S DOING THEM.
STILL... THEY ARE WARRIORS WORTHY OF OUR RESPECT AND, PERHAPS, OUR HELP.
TIME TO ORBITAL BARRAGE...
THIRTY-EIGHT CYCLES.
VERY WELL. DIVEBOMB—ORGANIZE TWO ASSAULT TEAMS. DO WHAT YOU CAN IN THE TIME AVAILABLE. BUT ONCE WE REACH THE MAIN FIRING SEQUENCE THRESHOLD...
...LEAVE THEM ALL TO BURN.


...CAN'T HOLD IT! IT JUST KEEPS COMING...
POINTBLANK... GO... GO! BEFORE-
FWUMM!
...FURTHER TACTICAL RESOURCES CURRENTLY UNAVAILABLE...
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN. WHATEVER WE DO, WHATEVER WE THROW AT IT, IT ISN'T ENOUGH!
PRIME... I MAY HAVE SOMETHING.
YOU'VE DECRYPTED THE FILES?
NO. GAVE UP ON THAT AND—WITH THE TECHNOBOTS' HELP—FOCUSED ON ANALYZING THE POWER SOURCE ITSELF.
THIS SO-CALLED ULTRA-ENERGON CONTAINS RADICALLY UNSTABLE ELEMENTAL MATTER. THE MORE THUNDERWING DRAWS UPON ITS FISSIONABLE CORE, THE GREATER THE OBVERSE CATALYTIC REACTION.
IN PLAIN LANGUAGE, PLEASE.
RIGHT. OF COURSE. THE SOURCE IS FEEDING UPON ITSELF. IT'S REALLY ONLY SUITABLE FOR SHORT, INTENSE HITS.
THE GREATER THE EFFORT, THE FASTER IT'S CONSUMED.
THEREFORE... WE NEED TO ENGAGE! BIG TIME!
WITH WHAT, JETFIRE?
WITH WHAT?!


IT'S CHARGING THE ATMOSPHERE! PERSONAL INTEGRITY SHIELDS AT NINE PERCENT...
MINE ARE DOWN! MASSIVE INTERNAL BUILD-UP OF COSMIC RADIATION!
LIKEWISE! WEAPONS ARE OFF-LINE!
SPRINGER–PULL BACK TO A SAFE DISTANCE! WE'LL–
MICROWAVE BURST!
THIS AREA'S RIDDLED WITH SUB-SURFACE GAS POCKETS! THEY'LL–
FWUMMMMMMMO!
SLAG! THIS IS GOING FROM BAD TO...
...WORSE!
KNNN!
SKRRTCH!

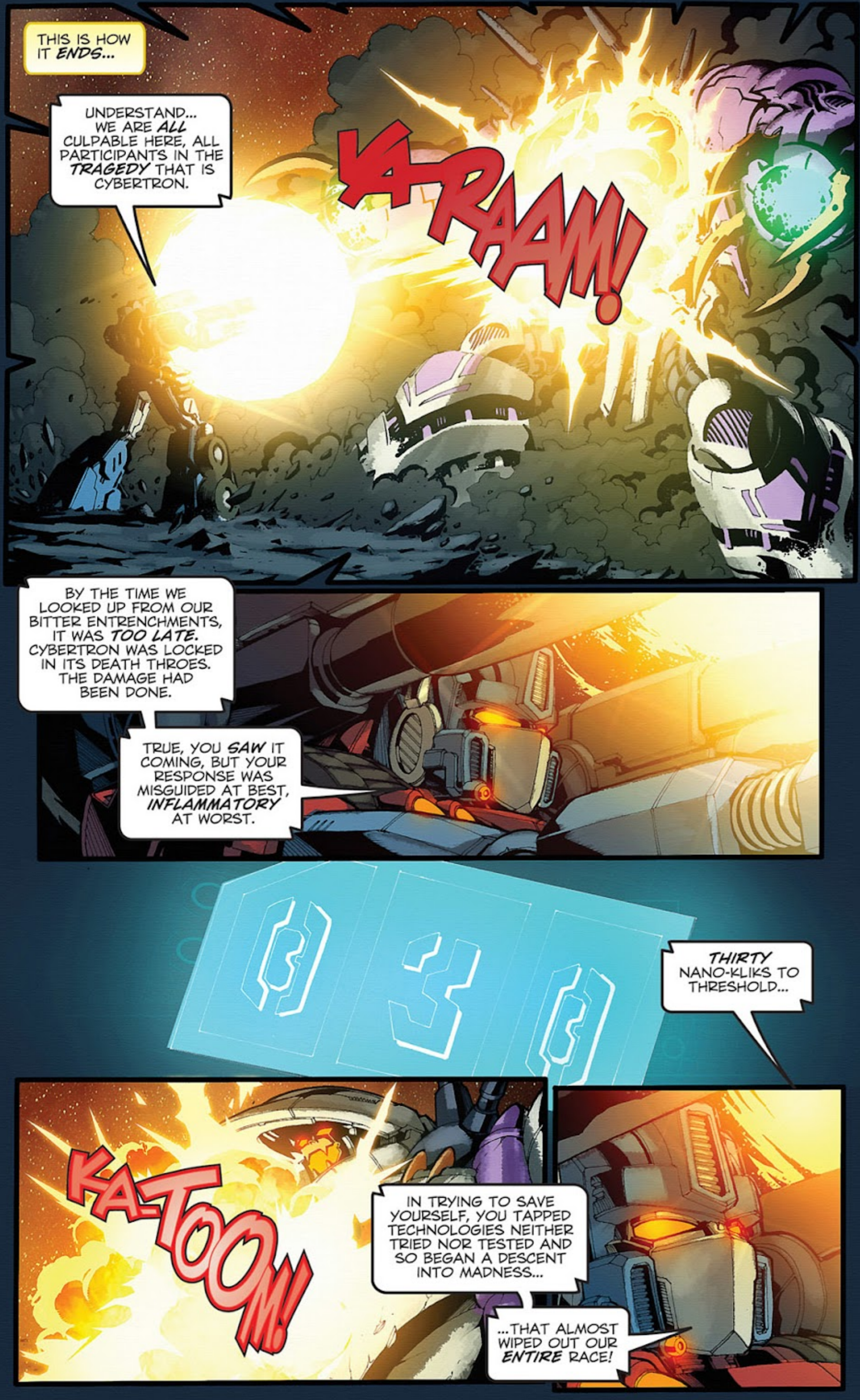


TELL YOU WHAT, WRECKERS...
...WHY DON'T YOU LET US TAKE OVER?
TRUTH BE TOLD, I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR ANOTHER CRACK AT THE BIG BAD.
SO, LIKE, SAVIN' YOUR SORRY BUTTS...
...IS KIND OF COINCIDENTAL!
DECEPTICONS-LET'S HEAR THE CALL...
"...NO ONE GETS OUT ALIVE!"
KRK!
VRRR


-RRRRRR!
DOGFIGHT, ARE WE SET?
ALMOST, SIR.
NEARLY...
...READY!
CENTURION UNITS...
...MOVE IN!
ZZ-CHNK! ZZ-CHNK!
VAP! VAP! VAP!
JETFIRE?
I'M READING A MASSIVE SPIKE IN INTERNAL CATALYTIC FLUX. THE REPROGRAMMED CENTURIONS, EN MASSE, ARE HURTING IT.
QUESTION IS...


"...IS IT ENOUGH?"
SKOOOM!
VA-VAASH!
IT'S... DEFINITELY REELING! HIT IT AGAIN! AGAIN! AG—
WAIT!
WHAT'S IT DOING? IT'S GOT...


...SOME KIND OF SECONDARY ULTRA MODE!
THANATOS:
RAMPAGE—TIME TO BARRAGE?
WE'RE ALMOST AT THE FIRING SEQUENCE THRESHOLD. IF WE WANT TO ABORT, IT HAS TO BE SOON.
SOUND THE WITHDRAWAL. ONCE BOTH SQUADS ARE ABOARD, PULL US BACK TO MINIMUM SAFE DISTANCE AND RAISE SHIELDS.
"TOO BAD, CYBERTRON..."
"...I'LL MISS YOU."
THUNDERWING...
...THIS ENDS
NOW!



THIS IS HOW IT ENDS...
UNDERSTAND... WE ARE ALL CULPABLE HERE, ALL PARTICIPANTS IN THE TRAGEDY THAT IS CYBERTRON.
KA-RAAM!
BY THE TIME WE LOOKED UP FROM OUR BITTER ENTRENCHMENTS, IT WAS TOO LATE. CYBERTRON WAS LOCKED IN ITS DEATH THROES. THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE.
TRUE, YOU SAW IT COMING, BUT YOUR RESPONSE WAS MISGUIDED AT BEST, INFLAMMATORY AT WORST.
030
THIRTY NANO-KLIKS TO THRESHOLD...
KA-TOOOM!
IN TRYING TO SAVE YOURSELF, YOU TAPPED TECHNOLOGIES NEITHER TRIED NOR TESTED AND SO BEGAN A DESCENT INTO MADNESS...
...THAT ALMOST WIPED OUT OUR ENTIRE RACE!


...OR DIE TRYING!
RAMPAGE... ABORT FIRING SEQUENCE!


THRESHOLD PLUS SIXTEEN CYCLES:
WELL?
NO SIGN OF EVEN THE MOST BASIC MOLECULAR ACTIVITY.
IT'S OVER.
IS IT? WHO KNOWS WHAT DAMAGE THUNDERWING DID WHEREVER BLUDGEON SENT HIM?
AND THEN THERE'S THIS ULTRA-ENERGON... WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
I WANT ANSWERS, JETFIRE, SOONER RATHER THAN LATER. BECAUSE, AS BAD AS THIS HAS BEEN...
...I FEAR THERE'S THE POTENTIAL HERE FOR THINGS TO GET MUCH, MUCH WORSE!


ARK-27:
ANYTHING?
PLENTY. SEEMS BLUDGEON WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF DE-ARCHIVING SOME KIND OF SEALED WORK-IN-PROGRESS CACHE. I'M STILL WORKING ON ITS POINT OF ORIGIN.
ANYWAY, HE STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING CALLED REGENESIS.
REGENESIS?
A KIND OF COSMIC SEEDING INITIATIVE. WE'RE MISSING A LOT OF THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES—I SUSPECT BLUDGEON DELETED A LOT OF IT HIMSELF—BUT ULTIMATELY THE TRAIL LED HIM TO A PLANET CALLED EARTH.
EARTH.
YOU KNOW IT?
JUST BEFORE ALL THIS STARTED, I RECEIVED A PULSEWAVE FROM EARTH, PROWL'S DETACHMENT. THE DECEPTICONS THERE HAD ENGAGED SIEGE MODE UNEXPECTEDLY.
COINCIDENCE?
I'M NOT A GREAT BELIEVER IN IT.
CROSSHAIRS...
"...SET A COURSE FOR EARTH."
continued in TRANSFORMERS: ESCALATION...